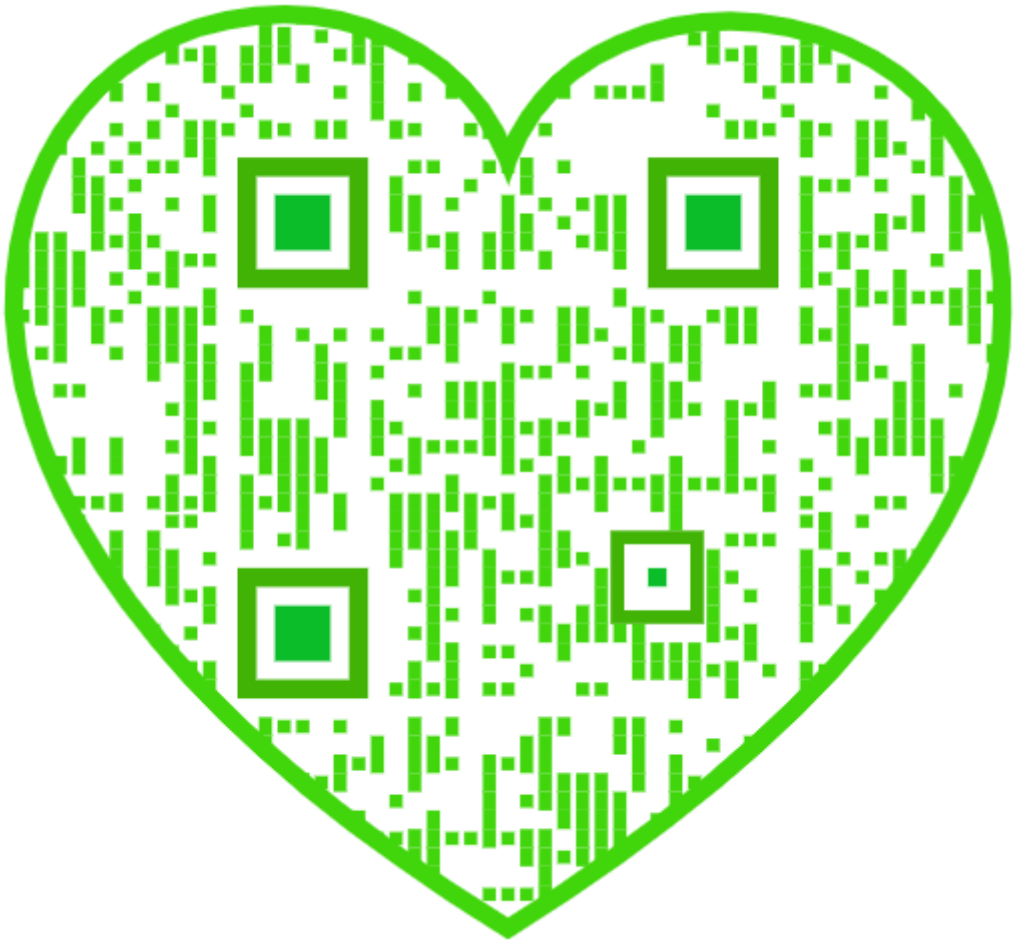

THE LANGUAGE READERS

FIFTH READER

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PREFACE

The lessons in this reader have been written or selected to meet the requirements of fifth-year pupils. A reader for fifth grades presupposes that the pupils for which it has been written have already mastered the mechanical phases of reading and are prepared for the appreciation of good literature. While the reading is still graded to the understanding of the child, the special aim in this book (as in the book immediately preceding it in the series) is the development of a cultivated taste.

At this period of his intellectual life, by means of the formal and supplementary school readers and through the use of library books under proper supervision, the pupil has acquired some knowledge of the masterpieces of imaginative writing. To increase this knowledge, to strengthen the desire for more of this and kindred fields of literature, should be the main purpose in the preparation of a reader for fifth grades. This purpose cannot fail of fulfillment if the selections and original lessons contain sufficient of human interest.

The field of imaginative writing is the broadest in literature. In the form of fiction it appeals with special interest to the young mind, and a reader containing carefully graded selections from the great story writers cannot fail to lead the pupil to a right choice of books. This training has been made a special feature in the preparation of this reader, and the teacher should give it his careful attention.

No selection from the masters should be read without some reference to the story of the writer and a brief description of some of his best books. In addition to the sketches of Dickens,

Irving, Hawthorne, and Scott, which appear as formal reading lessons, carefully prepared accounts of the authors used have been arranged alphabetically in the appendix. Such arrangement will train pupils to use the reference lists as they use their dictionaries.

These accounts should be utilized consistently. In many instances they present something of the romance of the author's life. The story of the struggles, ambitions, and successes of a writer often awakens in the pupil an interest which cannot fail to lead to the reading of other books by the same author. Too much stress cannot be laid on this feature of the work in reading. It is one of the most important functions of the teacher in the higher grades of the elementary school.

The poems have been carefully chosen with the purpose of inducing a desire to read good poetry. This department of literature must always remain a valuable aid to the development of a cultivated taste. If the poems of a school reader are within the capability of the child's mind, if the content expressed in poetic form appeals to his youthful interest, this highest form of imaginative composition will bear with fiction an equal share in the education of the young. In the selection of the poetry as in the selection of the prose of this book, the aim has been to take from those writers who are generally considered the master workers in our literature.

In addition to the poetry, fiction, biography, travel, and history embraced in the reading material the book contains several lessons which deal with the world of nature and science. These have been chosen for the literary garb in which the information is given as much as for the information itself. The education of a child would be sadly lacking in breadth and scope did it not include something of the literature of these subjects. Selections from such masters of English as Gilbert White, John Tyndall, Charles Kingsley,

and Mary Russell Mitford must develop the literary life of the child at the same time that they develop an interest in the world of nature and science.

A defining vocabulary prefaced by a phonic chart or key to pronunciation is included in the appendix. This vocabulary contains most of the words listed with the separate lessons and many new words found in the text but not listed. A systematic use of this vocabulary should be insisted on. It enables the pupil to get the necessary understanding of the text and it leads directly to an independent use of the dictionary. The lessons in this book are of sufficient length and variety to afford excellent drill in expression and emphasis. To secure the best results in oral reading, however, the teacher must insist here, as in the first school years, on distinct enunciation, clear articulation, and correct pronunciation.

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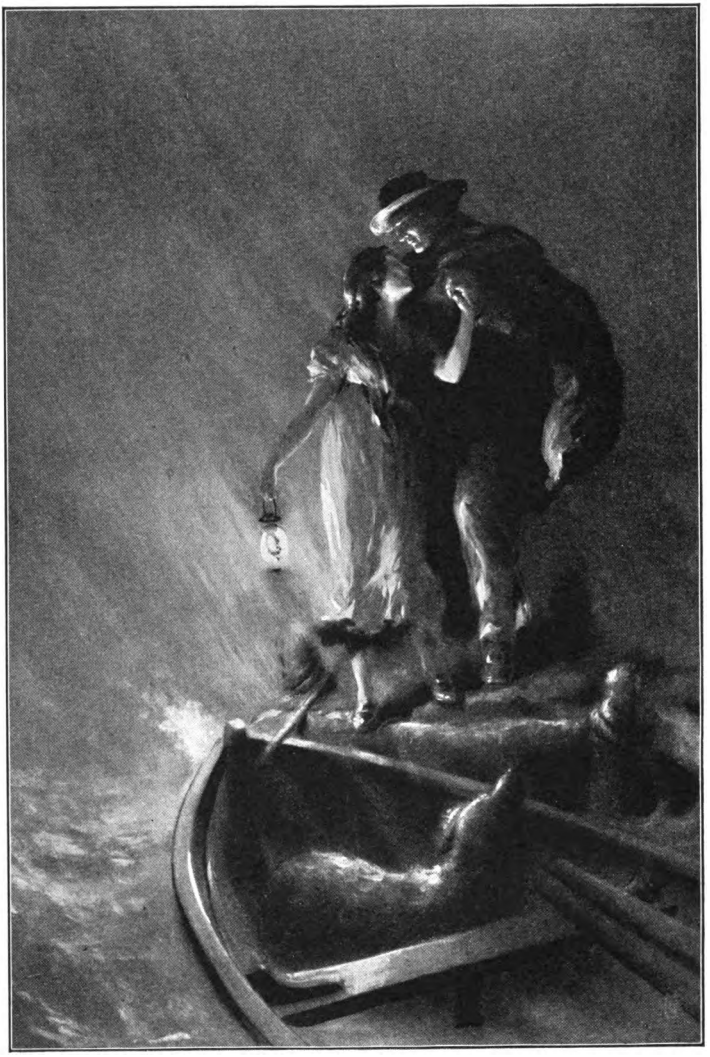


FIFTH READER

THE GIRL OF THE LIGHTHOUSE—I

During our second war with England many cities and towns along the eastern coast of the United States suffered severely from attacks by English war vessels. In the late fall of 1813 the following incident occurred on the coast of Maine.

Within a few miles of one of the thriving towns of this state a lighthouse had been erected. It stood at the extremity of a rocky spur of land which extended some distance from the mainland. The lights were kept by one Seth Hopkins, whose only companion was his daughter Ruth, a girl of fourteen years. From the lighthouse point the land made a deep curve, forming an extensive bay. The town was located at the head of this bay, about three miles from the point.

One evening at the time of our story, as Mr. Hopkins was preparing to light his lamps, he observed two large vessels sailing in from the open sea. Although twilight had fallen, the practiced eye of the lighthouse keeper saw that the ships were war vessels, but he could not

determine whether they were English or American. When they had reached a point about a mile from the lighthouse, the sails were furled and the ships anchored. From the sides of both vessels boats were lowered, manned, and rowed rapidly towards the shore.

Mr. Hopkins now felt certain that the war ships were English. What to do he knew not. The town was three miles distant, and the one road that led from the lighthouse to the mainland would soon be in the hands of the English. The high land of the coast concealed the vessels and boats from the people of the town, and Mr. Hopkins feared that his friends would not know of their peril until it was too late to act. But he did not dare leave his lights, which were now shining brightly over the water.

He called down to his daughter Ruth. In a few minutes the girl was with her father and had learned the news.

"What can we do, Ruth, to save our friends?" the keeper asked. "You know that for some time the people in the town have been gathering stores and ammunition for the American ships expected next week. I fear that these will now fall into the hands of the English. Moreover, the men from these ships may fire the town and take some of our people to England as prisoners of war."

"Perhaps they are American vessels, father," said Ruth.

"Nay, daughter"; and the keeper again peered into the distance. "If they were friends, they would have sailed boldly into the harbor, and passed without fear the

fortifications erected to protect the town. See, Ruth, the first boats have already made the shore, and others are leaving the vessels!"

"Then, father," said Ruth, "I will warn our friends of their danger."

"*You*, my child! You could not now reach the town by the lighthouse road. It is carefully guarded by this time, for these men must know that their approach has been seen by us."

"But, father, I do not intend to go by land; I shall go by water."

"Why, Ruth, from here to the town is a long three-mile row. You could not stand it on such a night. See how the wind has come up since dark. Those clouds look like a storm; in fact, child, I fear it is raining now. No, I cannot think of it. We can only hope that some one else will give the warning."

"But father, I shall not row to the town. My plan is to row straight across the bay to Head Point, which is less than a mile from here; from Head Point to Mr. Benson's store is about two miles. I shall take Captain with me in the boat, and we can fasten to his collar a note for Mr. Benson. Captain has often carried messages for us before this, and as soon as we land I shall send him ahead. He will reach the town in a very short time."

"Ruth, my brave girl, to row across the bay now in the face of this wind and storm would be the height of

folly. You could not hold the boat to its course and might be blown out to sea. If that could be done, I would do it myself, but I dare not leave the lights."

"No, father, you must not leave the lighthouse. Some of the English will soon be here, and if they find you at your post they will not suspect the truth. I will go. It will be a dreadful blow to our friends if they are surprised, and we must do all in our power to save them."

Bravely the girl begged for consent until her father with heart almost breaking, said: "Then, Ruth, go, and God be with you. Whatever we are to do, must be done at once."

ammunition fortifications suspect

THE GIRL OF THE LIGHTHOUSE — II

Leaving the lights, Mr. Hopkins and Ruth quickly descended to their living room. While the girl wrote a short letter the father opened the door and called, "Captain!" A great Newfoundland dog bounded into the room. Around his neck Ruth securely fastened a handkerchief, inside of which the letter was placed. Then with her arm around the noble dog's neck the girl spoke to the companion she had chosen.

"Captain, dear friend, you must be a brave dog tonight. You are coming with me across the bay. When

we reach the other side you must hurry to the town, to Mr. Benson's store. You will do it, Captain, won't you, for me and father and our friends?"

The dog seemed to understand every word as he watched Ruth with intelligent eyes. When she had finished, a wagging of his tail and a shaking of his head seemed to be an answer, plain and strong, to her question.

In a few minutes father, daughter, and Captain were at the little dock. It was raining hard by this time, and the wind had become higher offshore. Again Mr. Hopkins would have stopped the girl, but she would not listen. With the light of a lantern she carried, she saw that everything was in place and Captain stowed safely in the bottom of the boat. Then throwing her arms about her father's neck she kissed him again and again.

"Thank you, dear father, for letting me go. Do not fear, I shall land safely at Head Point and send Captain on his race for the town. As for myself, I shall make my way to the nearest house on the shore road. When I reach it I will try to signal you by lights. If you should not see them do not worry. The lights may not show because of the storm, but I shall be safe, for God and your prayers will protect me."

Once more the girl kissed her father and then stepped into the boat, which was rocking violently with the wind and the waves. In a moment she had seized the oars and with a brave voice had called out, "Now, father, push off."

As the boat started on its perilous trip the words of her father came to Ruth: "Go, darling child, and God will guide you safely to the shore."

Mr. Hopkins waited until the boat had disappeared in the darkness, and then with a sad heart made his way back to the lighthouse and up to his lights. He was none too soon, for in a few minutes a party of English sailors entered the living room below.

It was a hard row for Ruth. A dozen times the wind and current almost swept the boat out to sea. But with eyes ever on the light that guided her across the bay, and with the thought of her father at his post praying for her, the brave girl pulled true to her course until she heard the boat's bottom scrape the beach. Hastily jumping into the water, she dragged the boat as far as she could up on the shore. Captain, shaking the water from his coat, was beside her, and both made quickly for the road. When they reached this they stopped, and with her arms about the dog's neck, Ruth said: "Now, Captain, all depends on you. Go as fast as you can to Mr. Benson's store. You alone can save our friends."

Off dashed the dog, and Ruth made her way slowly along the shore road, for the excitement and hard row had sorely tried her strength. When she reached the nearest fisherman's hut on the road, she quickly told her story. While his wife changed Ruth's dress, now soaked through and through with rain and spray, the fisherman

placed all the lights he could find at the window as a signal to Mr. Hopkins. Then he hurried out to warn the men in the fort down the road.

In the meantime Captain had reached Mr. Benson's store. The appearance of the dog on such a night startled Mr. Benson and the few neighbors gathered there. In a minute the handkerchief was removed from the dog's neck and the note read. At once all started out to spread the alarm through the town, and soon scores of armed defenders were hurrying to meet the enemy.

When the English reached the outskirts of the town, they were met by a heavy fire from every side. They were little prepared for this, because they had expected to take the place by surprise. And now the guns in the fortifications across the bay began to boom the alarm for miles around.

The English officers saw that the surprise had failed, and ordered a retreat. Protecting themselves as well as they could, the invaders made their way back to the beach where they hurried into their boats, and pulled for the ships offshore.

Thus was the town saved by the brave deeds of Ruth Hopkins and her noble dog, Captain.

intelligent perilous retreat

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,

And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

dismantled swerving yearned

He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.

ISAAC BARROW

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book, that comes from a great thinker, — it is as a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

THEODORE PARKER

No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapons he needs in an armory.

JOHN RUSKIN

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT

The wind freshened as evening closed, and Columbus, having called his vessels together, as was usual with him at that hour, issued new orders concerning the course. For the last two or three days they had been steering to the southward of west, and Columbus was anxious to resume his favorite course, which was what he fancied to be due west. Just as night drew around the mariners, the ships edged away to the required course and ran off at the rate of nine miles the hour, following the orb of day.

Immediately after this change in the course, the people sang the vesper hymn, as usual, which in that mild sea they often deferred until the hour when the watch below sought their hammocks. That night, however, none felt disposed to sleep; and it was late when the chant of the seamen commenced. It was a solemn thing to hear the songs of religious praise mingling with the sighings of the breeze and the wash of the waters. Never before had this hymn sounded so sweetly in the ears of Columbus. When the office ended, the admiral called the crew to the quarter deck, and addressed them earnestly from his station on the poop.

"I rejoice, my friends," he said, "that you have had the grace to chant the vesper hymn in so devout a spirit, at a moment when there is so much reason to be grateful

to God for His goodness to us throughout this voyage. Look back at the past, and see if one of you, the oldest sailor of your number, can recall any passage at sea, I will not say of equal length, for that no one here hath ever before made, in which the winds have been as fair, or the ocean as calm, as on this occasion.

"Then what cheering signs have encouraged us to persevere! God is in the midst of the ocean, my friends, as well as in His sanctuaries on the land. Step by step, as it were, hath He led us on, now filling the air with birds, now causing the sea to abound with unusual fishes, and then spreading before us fields of plants, such as are seldom met far from the rocks where they grow.

"The last and best of His signs hath He given us this day, and I deem it probable that we reach the land this very night. In a few hours I shall deem it prudent to shorten sail, and I call on all of you to be watchful, lest we unwittingly throw ourselves on the strange shores.

"You know that the sovereigns have promised ten thousand maravedis, yearly, and for life, to him who shall first discover land: to this rich reward I will add a doublet of velvet, such as it would befit a grandee to wear. Sleep not, then; but at the turn of the night be all vigilance and watchfulness. I am now most serious with ye, and look for land this very blessed night."

These encouraging words produced their full effect, the men scattering themselves in the ship, each taking the

best position he could, to earn the coveted prizes. Columbus remained on the poop, while Luis, less interested, threw himself on a sail.

The deathlike silence that prevailed in the ship added to the interest of that important night. At the distance of a mile was the little *Niña*, gliding on her course with a full sail; while half a league still farther in advance was to be seen the shadowy outline of the *Pinta*, which preceded her consorts, as the swiftest sailer, with a fresh breeze.

Sancho had been round to every sheet and brace in person, and never before had the admiral's ship held as good way with her consorts as on that night, all three of the vessels appearing to have caught the eager spirit of those they contained, and to be anxious to outdo themselves. At moments the men started, while the wind murmured through the cordage, as if they heard unknown and strange voices; and fifty times, when the waves combed upon the sides of the ship, did they turn their heads, expecting to see a crowd of unknown beings, fresh from the eastern world, pouring in upon their decks.

As for Columbus, he sighed often; for minutes at a time would he stand looking intently towards the west. At length he bent his body forward, gazing intently over the weather railing of the ship, and then, lifting his cap, he seemed to be offering up his spirit in thanksgiving or prayer. All this Luis witnessed where he lay; at the next instant he heard himself called.

"Pedro Gutierrez — Pedro de Muños — Luis — whatever thou art termed," said Columbus, his fine masculine voice, trembling with eagerness, "come hither, son; tell me if thine eyes accord with mine. Look in this direction — here, more on the vessel's beam. Seest thou aught uncommon?"

"I saw a light, Señor, — one that resembled a candle, being neither larger nor more brilliant; and to me it appeared to move, as if carried in the hand or tossed by waves."

"Thy eyes did not deceive thee; thou seest it doth not come of either of our consorts, both of which are here on the bow."

"What do you, then, take this light to signify, Don Christopher?"

"Land! It is either on the land itself, rendered small by distance, or it cometh of some vessel that is a stranger to us, and which belongeth to the Indies."

Half an hour passed, and the light was not seen again; then it gleamed upward once or twice, like a torch, and finally disappeared. This circumstance was soon known to all in the ship, though few attached the same importance to it as Columbus himself.

"This is land," quietly observed the admiral to those near his person; "ere many hours we may expect to behold it. Now ye may pour out your souls in gratitude and confidence, for in such a sign there can be no deception."

Notwithstanding this great confidence on the part of the admiral, most of those in the ship did not yet feel the same certainty in the result, although all felt the strongest hopes of falling in with land next day. Columbus saying no more on the subject, the former silence was soon resumed, and in a few minutes every eye was again turned to the west in anxious watchfulness.

In this manner the time passed away, the ships driving ahead with a speed much exceeding that of their ordinary rate of sailing, until the night had turned, when its darkness was suddenly illuminated by a blaze of light, and the report of a gun from the *Pinta* came struggling up against the fresh breeze of the trades.

"There speaketh Martin Alonzo!" exclaimed the admiral; "and we may be certain that he hath not given the signal idly. Who sitteth on the topgallant yard, there, on watch for wonders ahead?"

"Señor Don Almirante, it is I," answered Sancho. "I have been here since we sang the vesper hymn."

"Seest thou aught unusual westward? Look vigilantly, for we touch on mighty things."

"Naught, Señor, unless it be that the *Pinta* is lessening her canvas and the *Niña* is already closing with our fleet consort — nay, I now see the latter shortening sail also!"

"For these great tidings all honor and praise be to God! These are proofs that no false cry hath this time

misled their judgments. We will join our consorts ere we take in a single inch of canvas."

Everything was now in motion on board the *Santa Maria*, which went dashing ahead for another half hour, when she came up with the two other caravels, both of which had hauled by the wind, under short canvas, and were forging slowly through the water on different tacks.

"Come hither, Luis," said Columbus, "and feast thine eyes with a sight that doth not often meet the gaze of the best of Christians."

The night was far from dark, a tropical sky glittering with a thousand stars. By the aid of such assistants it was possible to see several miles, and more especially to note objects on the margin of the ocean. When the young man cast his eyes to leeward, as directed by Columbus, he very plainly perceived a point where the blue of the sky ceased and a dark mound rose from the water, stretching for a few leagues southward.

"Behold the Indies!" said Columbus; "the mighty problem is solved! This is doubtless an island, but a continent is near. Praise be to God!"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER in *Mercedes of Castile*

issued	sovereigns	masculine
deferred	maravedis	deception
sanctuaries	vigilance	tropical

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gate of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

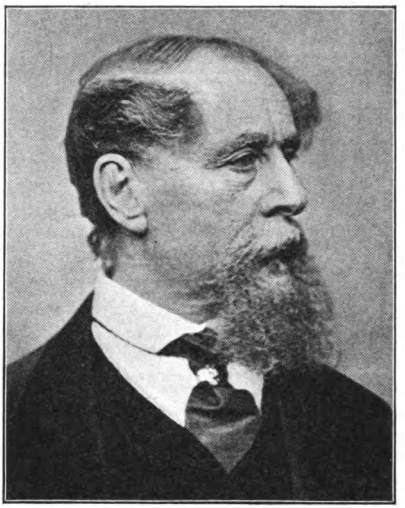
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

mutinous swarthy unfurled



CHARLES DICKENS

This famous writer was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His childhood was not a happy one, for he was a very small and delicate lad, and before his fourteenth year he had experienced many of the hardships of life.

In *David Copperfield*, one of his greatest stories, Dickens makes use of fiction to portray the trials and struggles of his boyhood. There are some bright tints in the picture, however, as when David speaks with loving memory of his mother and his childhood's home.

"I see the outside of our house with the latticed bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling

air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm trees at the bottom of the front garden.

"Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are — a very preserve of butterflies as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and paddock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries and trying to look unmoved.

"A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath, and rests herself in an elbow chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straightening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do, that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty."

Charles Dickens was placed in a private school at a very early age, but he experienced little of the happiness that most boys find in their school lives. His father, who was a poor clerk, unfortunately lost his position when Charles was but ten years of age. What made it harder for the boy, Mr. Dickens fell in debt, and when he could not pay his creditors, was cast into prison. Thus the boy was forced to give up his schooling to look for work, which he found in a factory where blacking was made.

He had early acquired a liking for good books, and despite his severe trials, he had read, before his tenth year, many of the masterpieces of fiction. His love of reading was one of the few joys of his young life. As he says in *David Copperfield*, "This was my only and my constant comfort. When I think of it, the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I sitting on my bed reading, as if for life. Every barn in the neighborhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard had some association of its own in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them."

On his father's release from prison Charles again attended school for a time, but his family was too poor to support him, and he obtained employment as a clerk in a lawyer's office. He taught himself shorthand, and became a reporter in a London court. He now began his literary work, and though his first stories brought him little, he did not despair.

At last his *Pickwick Papers* were published, and from that time success was certain. For over forty years he continued to write stories, several of which are among the greatest that any English writer has produced. So famous did he become that the queen offered him a title, but he preferred to remain plain Charles Dickens.

In addition to his success as a writer, Dickens made a name as a public reader of selections from his stories.

He traveled through England and America, delighting thousands with his lectures and readings. His stories are as popular to-day as they were in the days of their first appearance. Readers have always enjoyed the humorous tale of Pickwick and his friends, or sympathized with the sad story of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Many of the scenes and characters in his stories are so real and lifelike because Dickens lived through the experiences which he describes. As the story of *David Copperfield* is the story of his own life, so in *Little Dorrit* he draws a picture of his father's experiences in a debtor's prison, while the story of the Cratchits in *A Christmas Carol* tells of hardships that he knew as a child.

Several of his stories were written with the purpose of correcting some of the great wrongs of his time. Thus *Oliver Twist* exposed the practices of those evil men who led boys into crime, *Hard Times* pictured the hardships of factory workers, and *Nicholas Nickleby* described the trials and sufferings of boys in the cheap boarding schools of England.

In addition to the stories mentioned above, some of his other great novels are *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Bleak House*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Our Mutual Friend*. It is difficult to select his most popular book, because every reader of Dickens has his favorite. In the whole range of fiction, no other writer enjoys a greater popularity. His stories deal with almost

every phase of human experience, and their interest appeals alike to young and old, to rich and poor.

As a writer his humor is the humor that cheers and leaves no sting. His language is the language that we can understand without effort, and his heroes and heroines the people that we seem to know something of in our own lives. Dickens died at his home, Gadshill Place, in 1870, and his country gave him burial in Westminster Abbey, where he rests with the greatest English writers of all ages.

latticed	locality	heroines
furtive	creditors	preferred

GADSHILL PLACE

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

It was Christmas Day, and Bob Cratchit had taken his little son, Tiny Tim, to church for the first time.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own. Basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"Whatever has got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha was n't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here 's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here 's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There 's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her bonnet and shawl for her with officious zeal.

"We 'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear."

"No, no! There 's father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter — exclusive of the fringe — hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch.

"Why, where 's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming?" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day?"

Martha did n't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke, so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two

young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the wash house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim, before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool before the fire. Master Peter and the two young Cratchits then went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, — a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little

saucepan) sissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did n't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had n't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows!

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one.

While the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily, Bob proposed :

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

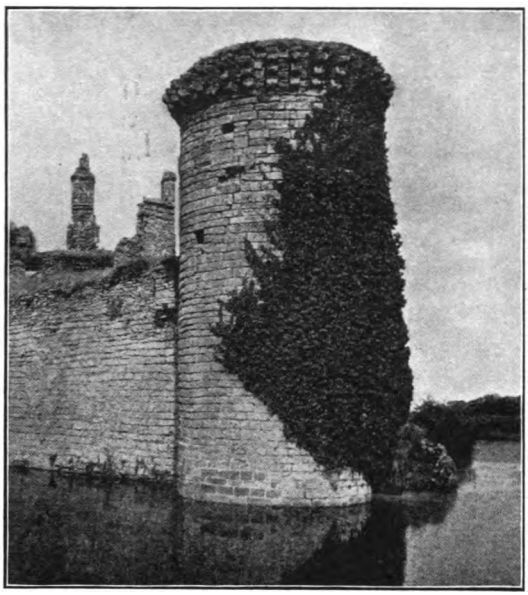
CHARLES DICKENS in *A Christmas Carol*

luxurious	declension	prematurely
exclusive	rampant	credulity
phenomenon	achieved	officious

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE IVY GREEN



Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak-Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

CHARLES DICKENS

ween whim stanch

LITTLE NELL — I

Although I am an old man, night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning, and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together; but, saving in the country, I seldom go out until after dark, though, Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living.

One night I had roamed into the city, and was walking slowly on in my usual way, when I was arrested by an inquiry, which seemed to be addressed to myself, and was preferred in a soft sweet voice that struck me very pleasantly. I turned hastily round, and found at my elbow a pretty little girl, who begged to be directed to a certain street in another quarter of the town.

"It is a very long way from here," said I, "my child."

"I know that, sir," she replied timidly. "I am afraid it is a very long way; for I came from there to-night."

"Alone?" said I, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes, I don't mind that; but I am a little frightened now, for I have lost my road."

"And what made you ask it of me? Suppose I should tell you wrong?"

"I am sure you will not do that," said the little creature; "you are such a very old gentleman, and walk so slowly yourself."

"Come," said I, "I'll take you there."

She put her hand in mine as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together.

"Who has sent you so far by yourself?" said I.

"Somebody who is very kind to me, sir."

"And what have you been doing?"

"That I must not tell," said the child.

There was something in the manner of this reply which caused me to look at the little creature with an expression of surprise. Her quick eye seemed to read my thoughts. As it met mine, she added that there was no harm in what she had been doing, but it was a great secret — a secret which she did not even know herself.

There was no reason, however, why I should refrain from seeing the person who had sent her to so great a distance by night and alone; and as it was not improbable that if she found herself near home she might take farewell of me and deprive me of the opportunity, I avoided the most frequented ways and took the most intricate. Thus it was not until we arrived in the street itself that she knew where we were. Clapping her hands with pleasure, and running on before me for a short distance, my little acquaintance stopped at a door, and, remaining on the step till I came up, knocked at it when I joined her. A part of this door was of glass, unprotected by any shutter, which I did not observe at first, for all was very dark and silent within, and I was anxious for

an answer to her summons. When she had knocked twice or thrice, there was a noise as if some person were moving inside, and at length a faint light appeared through the glass which, as it approached very slowly, enabled me to see, both what kind of person it was who advanced, and what kind of place it was through which he came.

He was a little old man with long, gray hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. The place through which he made his way was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town. There were rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory; and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place; he might have groped among old churches, and tombs, and deserted houses, and gathered all the spoils with his own hands.

As he turned the key in the lock he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as her grandfather, and told him the story of our companionship.

"Why, bless thee, child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way? What if I had lost thee, Nell!"

"I would have found my way back to *you*, grandfather," said the child, boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her; then turned to me and begged me to walk in. I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in: it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice; "more care of Nelly! Why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

"I don't think you consider —" I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me. "I don't consider her! Ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

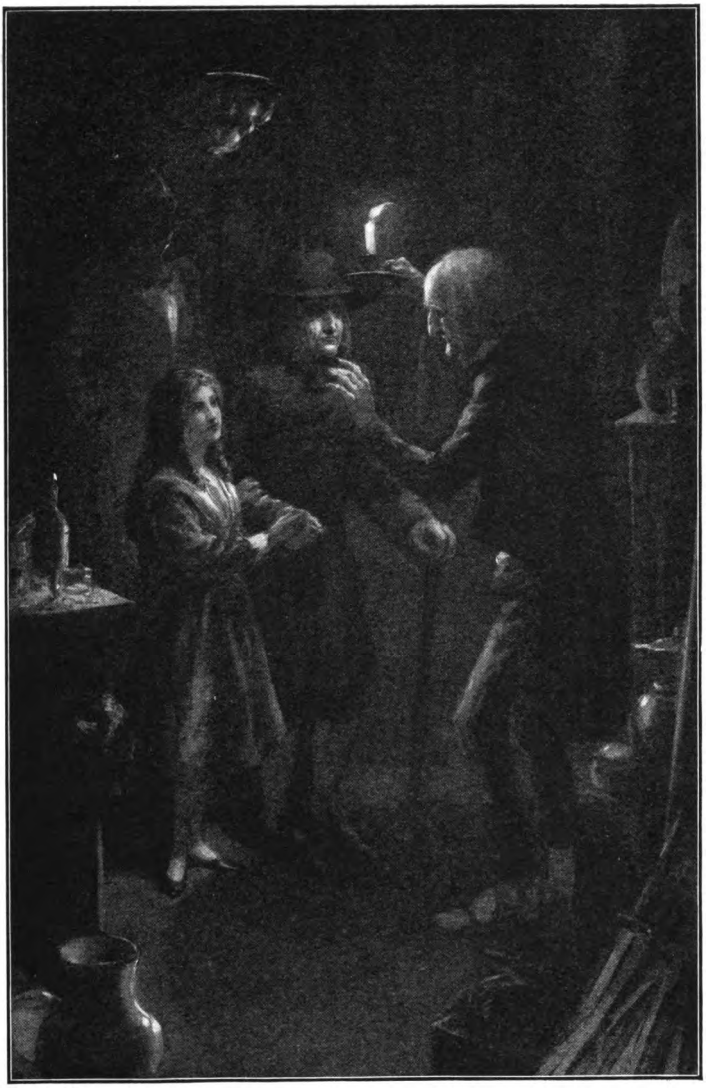
It would be impossible for any man to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand, and, shaking his head twice or thrice, fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus, in silence, the door of the closet opened and the child returned, — her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper. I was surprised to see that, all this time, everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"She is not my child, sir; her mother was, and she is poor. I save nothing — not a penny — though I live as you see; but" — he laid his hand upon my arm and leaned forward to whisper — "she shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help."

At this juncture the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man, motioning to me to approach the table, broke off and said no more.

improbable	frequented	intricate
receptacles	surveyed	juncture



LITTLE NELL — II

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell, bursting into a hearty laugh, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man, fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit." The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, and, resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, stood in the doorway, looking into the parlor with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld.

"A long way, was n't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable manner of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his

shoulder. I think he would have amused one anywhere, but the child's enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. Kit himself burst into a loud roar, and stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man took no notice of what passed; but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fullness of heart with which she welcomed her favorite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit, he carried a large slice of bread and meat into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them.

"Ah!" said the old man, turning to me with a sigh, as if I had spoken to him but that moment; "you don't know what you say when you tell me I don't consider her. Come hither, Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat, and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he. "Say, do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child, with great earnestness.

"She is poor now," said the old man, patting the child's neck; "but I say again, the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come."

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man; "thou dost not know — how shouldst thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth: "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late"; and then he sighed, and, still holding the child between his knees, appeared to be insensible to everything around him. By this time it wanted but a few minutes of midnight and I rose to go, which recalled him to himself.

"A moment, sir," he said. "Now Kit — near midnight, boy, and you still here! Get home, get home, and be true to your time in the morning, for there's work to do. Good night! There, bid him good night, Nell, and let him be gone!"

"Good night, Kit," said the child, her eyes lighting up with merriment and kindness.

"Good night, Miss Nell," returned the boy.

"And thank this gentleman, but for whose care I might have lost my little girl to-night."

"No, no, master," said Kit; "that won't do, that won't."

"What do you mean?" cried the old man.

"I'd have found her, master," said Kit; "I'd have found her. I'd bet that I'd find her if she was above ground. I would, as quick as anybody, master! Ha, ha, ha!"

Once more, opening his mouth and shutting his eyes, Kit gradually backed to the door, and roared himself out.

I turned to put on an outer coat which I had thrown off on entering the room. I was surprised to see the child standing patiently by, with a cloak upon her arm, and in her hand a hat and stick.

"These are not mine, my dear," said I.

"No," returned the child, quietly; "they are grandfather's."

"But he is not going out to-night."

"Oh, yes, he is," said the child, with a smile.

"And what becomes of you, my pretty one?"

"Me! I stay here of course. I always do."

I looked in astonishment towards the old man; but he was busied in the arrangement of his dress. From him I looked back to the slight, gentle figure of the child. Alone! In that gloomy place all the long dreary night! She cheerfully helped the old man with his cloak, and, when he was ready, took a candle to light us out.

When we reached the door, the child, setting down the candle, turned to say good night, and raised her face to kiss me. Then she ran to the old man, who folded her in his arms and bade God bless her.

"Sleep soundly, Nell," he said in a low voice, "and angels guard thy bed! Do not forget thy prayers, my sweet."

"No, indeed," answered the child; "they make me feel so happy!"

"That 's well; I know they do; they should," said the old man. "Bless thee a hundred times! Early in the morning I shall be home."

"You 'll not ring twice," returned the child. "The bell wakes me, even in the middle of a dream."

With this they separated. The child opened the door, and with another farewell held it until we passed out. The old man paused a moment while it was gently closed and fastened on the inside, and satisfied that this was done, walked on at a slow pace. At the street corner he stopped. Regarding me with a troubled countenance, he said that our ways were widely different and that he must take his leave. I would have spoken, but, summoning up more alacrity than might have been expected in one of his appearance, he hurried away.

CHARLES DICKENS in *The Old Curiosity Shop*

awkward	oddity	insensible
extraordinary	irresistible	alacrity

THE NATIONAL FLAG

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?

It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state.

The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars,

and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

CHARLES SUMNER

trophies	symbolizes	constellation
intrinsic	alternate	valor

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

A PIECE OF STRING

It was market day at Goderville. The peasants and their wives were flocking into the town from all directions.

The market place presented a perfect babel of sounds, — people were calling to each other, the tradesmen were shouting their wares, cows were bellowing, dogs were barking.

Maître Hauchecorne had just come into Goderville. Sadly crippled by rheumatism, the poor old man was slowly making his way towards the square, when he chanced to spy a piece of string on the ground.

As he stooped to pick it up, he noticed that Maître Malandin, the harness maker, was watching him from the doorstep of his shop. These men had formerly been very good friends, but, owing to an unfortunate quarrel over a halter, they had avoided one another for a long time.

Maître Hauchecorne was ashamed to be seen in the act of picking up so trifling an object as a piece of string. Therefore he quickly slipped the string into his pocket, and pretended to be searching for something, which, however, he did not appear to find. Then he went on his way towards the market place and was soon lost in the crowd.

The morning wore away. Towards noon the people began to desert the square and pour into the inns to dine.

The dining room at Jourdain's was soon filled with a merry group of peasants. They chatted of their purchases

and of their sales; they discussed the weather; they asked news of the various crops.

Suddenly the sound of a drum was heard in the court. The diners jumped to their feet and rushed to the door. The sound of the drum ceased, and the public crier was heard to shout: "Be it known to all present, that Maître Houlbrèque has lost, this morning, a purse containing five hundred francs, together with several important business papers. The finder is requested to return the purse to the owner at once, or to leave it at the office of M. le Maire. Twenty francs reward."

The crier went on his way down the street to repeat his message. The diners at Jourdain's returned to their places at table to talk over the event, and to discuss the chances of Maître Houlbrèque's finding his purse. Just as they were finishing their meal, a corporal appeared at the door and asked, "Is Maître Hauchecorne here?"

Maître Hauchecorne arose and answered: "I am, sir. What do you wish?"

"You are to come with me to the office of M. le Maire, who desires to speak with you."

The poor farmer was completely taken by surprise, but he followed the corporal, saying, "Here I am."

Seated in his armchair, the mayor awaited their arrival. As the corporal and the peasant entered, he said: "Maître Hauchecorne, this morning you were seen to pick up a purse which belongs to Maître Houlbrèque."

Maître Hauchecorne was so overcome that, for a moment, he could not speak; then, suddenly recovering himself, he said, "I picked up a purse?"

"Yes, so it is said."

"Why, M. le Maire, I know nothing of a purse, except what you have told me."

"Nevertheless, you were seen," continued the mayor.

"I was seen to pick up a purse? Who saw me?"

"Maître Malandin, the harness maker, saw you from the doorstep of his shop."

The old man understood; fumbling in his pocket, he produced the bit of string.

"Maître Malandin saw me? The rascal! He saw me pick up this bit of string, M. le Maire; nothing else."

The mayor shook his head. "You cannot expect me to believe that Maître Malandin, who is a man of truth and credit, has mistaken that piece of string for a purse."

Maître Hauchecorne raised his right hand as if to attest the truth of what he was saying, and repeated: "It is true, nevertheless, M. le Maire. I picked up nothing but this bit of string."

"Why, Maître Hauchecorne, after you had picked up the purse you continued to look about for some time, to discover, if, by chance, a piece of money had fallen out of it."

Poor Maître Hauchecorne! he could scarcely speak. Maître Malandin was brought in; he repeated his story

and the peasant denied it. At his own request Maître Hauchecorne was searched, but, of course, no purse was found.

The mayor was greatly puzzled, and at last sent the peasant away, with a warning that he would consult the public prosecutor and request further orders.

Meantime the news had spread, and when Maître Hauchecorne left the mayor's office, he was surrounded by a curious crowd seeking information. He told his simple story, but no one seemed to believe him; indeed, they all laughed most heartily at his tale.

He passed on, repeating the story to all he met, in the vain hope of finding some one to believe him.

Many shook their heads and said with a smile, "Ah, you are a fine old rogue, Maître Hauchecorne."

Toward evening he started for home with several of his neighbors. As they crossed the great square Maître Hauchecorne pointed out to them the very place where he had stopped to pick up the string, and all the way home he talked of nothing else.

That evening the poor old man made the rounds of the village, repeating his story; though every one heard him respectfully, no one seemed to place any trust in what he said. He spent a wretched night, and was almost ill from worry.

The next day a farm laborer returned the purse to its owner and received the promised reward. The man said

he had found the purse on the road, but, being unable to read, had carried it at once to his master. In this way he learned of its owner.

The news spread, and when Maître Hauchecorne heard it he was delighted.

"Now they will believe me at last," he said. "There is nothing that hurts one so much as being accused of lying."

When he mentioned the matter to his friends and acquaintances, however, he saw that they were not yet convinced of his innocence. This hurt him very much, and he began to feel uneasy again.

When he went to market at Goderville the next week, he saw Maître Malandin again on his doorstep, and the harness maker laughed as the peasant passed. Why?

Maître Hauchecorne met a farmer whom he knew very well, and told him the story of the restored purse. The farmer answered with a laugh, "What a great rogue you are, to be sure!"

Maître Hauchecorne grew more and more uneasy. Why did they still call him a "great rogue"? Had not the purse been restored to its owner by the person who found it?

Seated again at the table at Jourdain's, he related the whole affair once more, laying particular stress upon the fact that the purse had been returned to its owner.

A man answered: "That is all very well. One man finds the purse, another restores it. We understand."

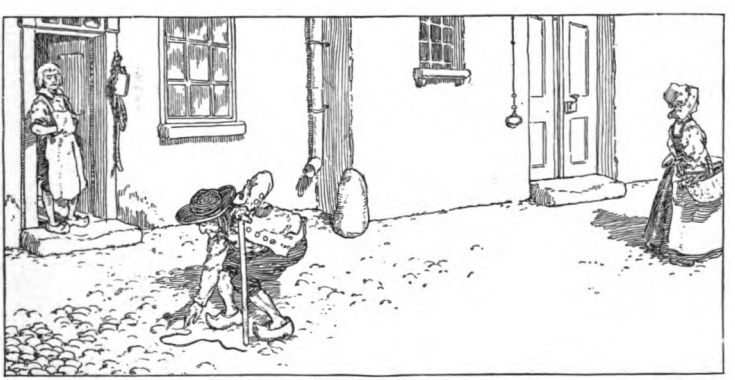
At last Maître Hauchecorne understood. He was accused of having sent back the purse by a confederate. He tried in vain to protest, and finally left the table without having finished his meal.

He returned to his home discouraged, weary, and sick at heart, for he felt that he could never prove his innocence.

The matter preyed so upon the poor man's mind that his health began to fail, and at length he became very ill. Just before his death he was heard to say again: "Just a little piece of string, nothing more. See, here it is, M. le Maire, a little piece of string."

Abridged and adapted from the French of
GUY DE MAUPASSANT

rheumatism	discuss	confederate
prosecutor	mentioned	corporal



THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from some treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

corridors martial benediction

THE COVERING OF ANIMALS

The *covering* of animals is the first thing which presents itself to our observation, and is, in truth, both for its variety and its suitableness to their several natures, as much to be admired as any part of their structure.

We have bristles, hair, wool, furs, feathers, quills, prickles, scales; yet in this diversity, both of material and form, we cannot change one animal's coat for another, without evidently changing it for the worse; taking care, however, to remark that these coverings are, in many cases, armor as well as clothing, intended for protection as well as warmth.

The human animal is the only one which can clothe itself. This is one of the properties which renders him an animal of all climates and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his clothing to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in high latitudes, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat as the species spread towards the equator.

What art, however, does for men, Nature has, in many instances, done for those animals which are incapable of art. Their clothing, of its own accord, changes with their necessities.

This is particularly the case with that large tribe of quadrupeds which are covered with fur. Every dealer in hare skins and rabbit skins knows how much the fur is thickened by the approach of winter.

It seems to be a part of the same constitution and the same design, that wool, in hot countries, degenerates, as it is called, but in truth — most happily for the animal's ease — passes into hair; while, on the contrary, that hair, in the dogs of the polar regions, is turned into wool, or something very like it. Naturalists have many times remarked that bears, wolves, foxes, hares, which do not take the water, have the fur much thicker on the back, whereas, in the beaver, it is thickest upon the under part of the body, as are the feathers in waterfowl.

The *covering of birds* cannot escape the most vulgar observation. Its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth, the disposition of the feathers, all inclined backward, the down upon their stem, the overlapping of their tips, the variety of their colors, constitute a vestment for the body, so beautiful, and so appropriate to the life which the animal is to lead, that, I think, we have no conception of anything equally perfect.

WILLIAM PALEY in *Natural Theology*

diversity degenerates conception

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving, who has been called the founder of American literature, was born in New York City in 1783, the year that marked the end of the War for Independence. His death occurred in 1859, one year before the election of Abraham Lincoln as President. Thus his life of sixty-five years covered a period during which his country grew from an infancy of thirteen original states to the position of one of the great nations of the world.

At the time of Irving's birth, the population of New York City did not exceed twenty-five thousand. The city was confined within narrow limits, and the home of the future famous author was in one of its oldest streets. A

short walk in one direction took the lad to the woods and green fields, or in another, to the streets and homes of the Dutch settlers of old New Amsterdam.

The boy possessed a happy disposition and a boundless curiosity. He was not overfond of school, and his greatest pleasure was to wander through the old Dutch streets or down by the river wharves. Here he spent many hours watching the sailors unload the cargoes gathered in far-off climes. As the lad was fond of stories of adventure, he no doubt dreamed of the day when he, too, would visit other lands and know other peoples.

All these wanderings and daydreams had a great influence on the education of young Irving. Throughout his books appear a deep affection for his native city and an interest in the scenes and peoples of other lands.

Irving was educated for the law, but his taste from the beginning was for literature. In 1802, when he was scarcely nineteen years of age, his first published writings appeared in a newspaper. In 1809, under the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, he published his *History of New York.*

This history ranks as one of the masterpieces of American humor. It portrays in amusing form the customs, manners, and traditions of the first inhabitants of New Amsterdam. Many of the descendants of these earnest and industrious Dutch settlers felt aggrieved at what they considered a satire on their forefathers. But Irving meant no ill-natured ridicule. Diedrich Knickerbocker

was a creature of his lively fancy, and the ludicrous incidents recited merely an indication of his genial humor.

At this time as one of his admirers says, Irving "might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low-quartered shoes neatly tied, and a Talma Cloak — a short garment like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old school air in his appearance, which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books, and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic."

From the time of his first publications until his death Irving was busy with his pen. Some of his best known works are *The Sketch Book*, *Tales of a Traveler*, *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*, and *The Conquest of Granada*. He gathered most of the material for these books during an absence of seventeen years from his native land.

Two of the most popular stories in *The Sketch Book* are *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*. These have been described as "perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this country has produced." The former is a legend of Tarrytown on the Hudson; the latter is a legend of the Catskill Mountains. Both are charmingly told, full of descriptions of the beautiful region about the Hudson, and the quaint characters found among the early settlers.

Irving was in love with this region. As he said: "I thank God I was born on the Hudson. It is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world. Though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine."

The very names Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow indicate the peaceful quiet of the locality that Irving selected for his residence. His home was well named Sunnyside, and he had this place in mind when he said in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, "If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

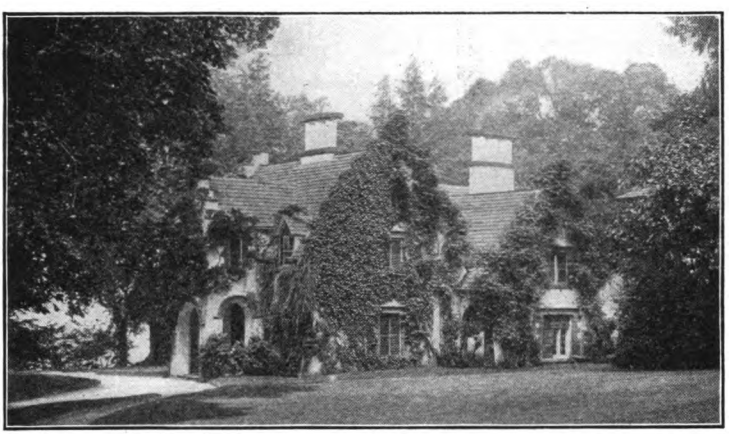
The work that occupied the greatest thought of his latter years was his *Life of Washington*, published in five volumes. This is one of his most successful books, for it was a labor of love. Irving's high esteem for the character and achievements of the Father of his Country is the keynote of the book, and one cannot read the Life without forming a higher estimate of Washington and the men who followed him faithfully through the eight years' war.

As a writer, Washington Irving is noted for his original and delicate humor, his accurate and interesting description of men and places, and his easy, graceful style. In addition

to his fame as a writer, he was regarded, by all who knew him personally, as a true friend and a pure and honest character. Speaking of him, the great English novelist Thackeray says that in his family he was "gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood."

Irving's last days were spent at Sunnyside, and he lies buried in the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, within the shadow of the hills he pictured so vividly in his legend of Tarrytown.

literature	cargoes	influence
fictitious	preference	illusions



SUNNYSIDE

A BEE HUNT

The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farmhouse and flower garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee hunter, a tall, lank fellow in homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a beehive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from his camp without his firearms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it or diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet.

The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the ax seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and

downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disrupture of the trunk failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain; at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation.

Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown in color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid.

Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured on the spot. Every bee hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nor was it the bee hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers

from rival hives arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruin of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore, — plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes.

As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic.

WASHINGTON IRVING in *Crayon*

uncouth	metropolis	catastrophe
vigorously	unsuspicious	molestation
frontier	bankruptcy	similitude

THE STORM SHIP

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed, one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain fell in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms, which only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bedpost, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a growl; and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship in those early times of the settlement was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the Old World, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed: to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap, nor new gown, until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other the ship — the ship — the ship — was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion

with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions ; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents; but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitered the ship through an ancient telescope covered with tarry canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime the ship became more distinct to the naked eye; she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colors. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvas, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach declared that he first got sight of her when she was in the center of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thundercloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and, passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was stranger, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbor master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success.

Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this, it is probable, was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers. Not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of The Hague, smoking his long jasmine pipe, and listening to all that his counselors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing; but, in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were dispatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings — the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week, elapsed; but she never returned down the Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the Palisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands.

The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in

which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunderstorm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay.

At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers reached the place no ship was to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again with her top-sails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of, unruly weather; and she was known among the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the storm ship."

WASHINGTON IRVING in *Dolph Heyliger*

solstice	appellation	nautical
burgomaster	adherents	reconnoitered
artillery	solicitous	oracle
speculation	pompous	apparition

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plumy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer.
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where, like the stag, they roved.
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

FELICIA D. HEMANS

EPPIE IN THE COAL HOLE

When but a baby, Eppie had found her way into the home of Silas Marner, a weaver, who lived all alone in a tiny cottage near a stone pit. The child had wandered away from her poor mother, who had been frozen to death in the snow. Marner adopted the child and called her Eppie.

By the time Eppie was three years old she had developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise not only for Silas's patience but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there 's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively; you might shut her up once in the coal hole. That was what I did with Aaron; for I was so silly with the youngest lad that I could never bear to smack him.

"Not that I could find in my heart to let him stay in the coal hole more than a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him — that was. But I put it upon your conscience, Master Marner, that there 's one

of them you must choose — either smacking or the coal hole — else she 'll get so masterful there 'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. It was clear that Eppie, with her short, toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example, he had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been carefully kept out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect.

Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and

now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again.

She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door, where sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual.

It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him; Eppie had run out by herself — had, perhaps, fallen into the stone pit.

Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow.

How long had she been out? There was one hope — that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all around the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always further off as he approached.

The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses.

It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal hole — a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes — "naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she

began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal hole and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal hole — a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for Eppie must now be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future — though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning.

He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's faith in the efficacy of punishment.

"She 'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I did n't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If

she makes me a bit of trouble, I can bear it, and she 's got no tricks but what she 'll grow out of."

"Well, that 's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep them out of her way."

Adapted from GEORGE ELIOT in *Silas Marner*

capacity	adopted	penetration
meditatively	conscience	engrossed
requisition	effectual	misdemeanor
discipline	efficacy	penal

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

ROBERT BURNS

TOM DIVIDES THE PUFF

On Wednesday, the day before the aunts and uncles were coming, there were such various and suggestive scents, as of plum cakes in the oven and jellies in the hot state, mingled with the aroma of gravy, that it was impossible to feel altogether gloomy; there was hope in the air. Tom and Maggie made several inroads into the kitchen, and, like other marauders, were induced to keep aloof for a time only by being allowed to carry away a sufficient load of booty.

"Tom," said Maggie, as they sat on the boughs of the elder tree, eating their jam puffs, "shall you run away to-morrow?"

"No," said Tom, slowly, when he had finished his puff, and was eyeing the third, which was to be divided between them, "no, I shan't."

"Why, Tom? Because Lucy's coming?"

"No," said Tom, opening his pocket knife and holding it over the puff, with his head on one side in a dubitative manner. (It was a difficult problem to divide that very irregular polygon into two equal parts.) "What do *I* care about Lucy? She's only a girl — *she* can't play at bandy."

"Is it the tipsy cake, then?" said Maggie, exerting her hypothetic powers, while she leaned forward toward Tom with her eyes fixed on the hovering knife.

"No, you silly, that 'll be good the day after. It 's the pudden. I know what the pudden 's to be — apricot roll up — O my buttons!"

With this interjection the knife descended on the puff and it was in two, but the result was not satisfactory to Tom, for he still eyed the halves doubtfully. At last he said, "Shut your eyes, Maggie."

"What for?"

"You never mind what for. Shut 'em when I tell you."

Maggie obeyed.

"Now, which 'll you have, Maggie — right hand or left?"

"I 'll have that with the jam run out," said Maggie, keeping her eyes shut to please Tom.

"Why, you don't like that, you silly. You may have it if it comes to you fair, but I shan't give it you without. Right or left — you choose, now. Ha-a-a!" said Tom, in a tone of exasperation, as Maggie peeped. "You keep your eyes shut, now, else you shan't have any."

Maggie's power of sacrifice did not extend so far; indeed I fear she cared less that Tom should enjoy the utmost possible amount of puff than that he should be pleased with her for giving him the best bit. So she shut her eyes quite close till Tom told her to "say which," and then she said, "Left hand."

"You 've got it," said Tom, in rather a bitter tone.

"What? the bit with the jam run out?"

"No; here, take it," said Tom, firmly, handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

"Oh, please Tom, have it; I don't mind — I like the other; please take this."

"No, I shan't," said Tom, almost crossly, beginning on his own inferior piece.

Maggie, thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate her half puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first, and had to look on while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more. Maggie did n't know Tom was looking at her; she was seesawing on the elder bough, lost to almost everything but a vague sense of jam and idleness.

"Oh, you greedy thing!" said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel. He was conscious of having acted very fairly, and thought she ought to have considered this, and made up to him for it. He would have refused a bit of hers beforehand, but one is naturally at a different point of view before and after one's share of puff is swallowed.

Maggie turned quite pale. "Oh, Tom, why did n't you ask me?"

"*I* was n't going to ask you for a bit, you greedy. You might have thought of it without, when you knew I gave you the best bit."

"But I wanted you to have it — you know I did," said Maggie, in an injured tone.

"Yes, but I was n't going to do what was n't fair, like Spouncer. He always takes the best bit, if you don't punch him for it; and if you choose the best with your eyes shut, he changes his hands. But if I go halves, I 'll go 'em fair — only I would n't be a greedy."

With this cutting innuendo Tom jumped down from his bough, and threw a stone with a "hoigh!" as a friendly attention to Yap, who had also been looking while the eatables vanished, with an agitation of his ears and feelings which could hardly have been without bitterness. Yet the excellent dog accepted Tom's attention with as much alacrity as if he had been treated quite generously.

But Maggie, gifted with that superior power of misery which distinguishes the human being, sat still on her bough, and gave herself up to the keen sense of unmerited reproach. She would have given the world not to have eaten all her puff, and to have saved some of it for Tom. Not but that the puff was very nice, for Maggie's palate was not at all obtuse, but she would have gone without it many times over, sooner than Tom should call her greedy and be cross with her.

GEORGE ELIOT in *The Mill on the Floss*

aroma	marauders	dubitative
polygon	hypothetic	interjection
exasperation	innuendo	agitation

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

braggart cowardly humdrum

A VISIT TO SWEDEN

Let us suppose that it is summer, and that you are visiting a Swedish family in the country. After breakfast the boys take you out to the pasture, and the horses and colts come running to you, stretch their necks over the fence, and rub their noses on your shoulder. The sheep say, "Good morning!" by rubbing their thick, woolly sides against you, and the great oxen lying in the

shade give you a friendly wink now and again with their big, brown eyes.

Every animal is tame and gentle; and you do not have to wonder long why this is so, for you find that in Sweden the boys and girls never throw stones at beast or bird, and never frighten or torment them in any way. Instead, they feed and pet them, and make much of them.

After supper the sun is still high in the heavens, and even at nine o'clock, when you go to bed, it is shining brightly as it swings low along the horizon.

If you wake up at midnight and go to the window, you behold the whole northern sky glowing with red and yellow hues. Whether it is sunset or sunrise it is hard to say, for the heavens shine all through the short summer nights.

Indeed, were you to travel to the north of Sweden, you would behold the sun shining upon you directly over the north pole at midnight, and you might remain a month without once seeing it set beneath the horizon. It would take too long here to tell you the reason of this, but it is all explained in your geography.

On midsummer's eve, which in Sweden is the twenty-third of June, all the boys and girls drive into the nearest village, and you will surely go with them. You drive in a long hay cart thickly trimmed with the bright green boughs of the birch. The horses are decked out with birch too, and the driver sits in a green birch bower. How jolly it

is driving along the pretty country lanes, — twenty or thirty of you young folks on the hay, — peeping out through the boughs and laughing and singing!

You drive up to the village green. Here are youths and maidens in plenty. You wonder where they all could have come from in such a sparsely settled country.

In the middle of the square you see a maypole, sixty feet high. This is trimmed with verdant birch leaves, while garlands and wreaths of flowers hang from its cross trees. The blue and yellow flag of Sweden is flying from the top.

The boys and girls are dancing round the maypole. They are happy and thankful for the glorious summer time, the earth all green again, the long days and the bright nights with no darkness anywhere. So they dance through the night, which is no night after all — only a beautiful, luminous twilight that fills the short space between sunset and sunrise.

Thus have their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers danced before them on this same bright eve for hundreds and hundreds of years — yes, so far back in time that history does not know when the custom began.

If you like winter, you will surely like to stay in Sweden. Here are cold, snow, and ice enough to satisfy anybody. So long the winter is, too! Four or five months of it at least, you may be sure of.

Here you can enjoy all your winter sports to perfection; build snow forts and snow men, snowball your comrades, coast and skate, go on sleigh rides, or skim the frozen lakes on ice yachts.

There are other winter sports. You can learn to slip over the untrodden snow fields and through the deep, dark northern forests on "skidor," or "skees" as they are sometimes called. These skidor, or snow skates, are thin straps of wood six to nine feet long, about four inches in width, and turned up at the front end like the runners of a sled.

Your feet are bound to the middle of them in such a way that while the toes and ball of the foot are fast, the heel is free to move up and down. With a staff in your hand to help you up the hills and aid you in steering down them, you may glide over the open country at the rate of six or eight miles an hour.

Then the "spark stotting," or "kicker," — I know you will like that. It is the lightest sort of frame sled. Two upright standards rise some three feet high from the back end of the framework, and behind these the runners extend backward five or six feet.

You grasp the tops of the standards, one with each hand, stand on one foot on one of the runners, and with your disengaged foot kick your kicker and yourself over the hard-trodden snow highways as fast as an ordinary horse jogs along.

The kicks should be long, strong, sweeping, and regular. They are always delivered between the runners, and when one leg is tired, you step over upon the other runner, and kick with the other leg.

You must have a steel plate strapped to the ball of each foot, and from this plate should project three or four sharp calks, like those the blacksmith welds into horse-shoes in winter.

The only secret you have to learn in order to become an accomplished rider on your kicker is to touch the snow first with the heel of your boot, as in walking, and then instantly kick, a swinging backward stroke, not with your toes only but with the whole flat of your foot.

Another winter sport is sailing on skates. The Swedish sail is in form like the capital letter A with the top cut off. You place the cross bar over your shoulder to windward, and with a good breeze glide away over the ice at the rate of a mile in two minutes.

You may not only sail before the wind, but you may glide to and fro across the lake with wind abeam, or, drawing your sail taut and leaning well against the breeze, tack to windward as gallantly as the fleetest yacht.

But short are the wintry days. At Stockholm they are, in December, only six hours long, or, rather, short ; and in the far north it is night the whole twenty-four hours day after day — if night can be called day — for over a month.

Now you have to pay for the long days and luminous nights of summer.

But the very darkest of the year the Swedes make bright with the festivities of merry Christmas. Christmas time in Sweden means more than a day. The merry-making is kept up for a fortnight; indeed, out in the country it is fully three weeks before all the celebrations are over. Such visiting and dancing, and dining and present-making, I really believe exist nowhere in the world outside of Sweden.

Christmas Day, when you are jerking along home on your kicker from the skating pond, you will see a sheaf of grain on top of a pole set up in the dooryard of every farmer's house you pass.

"Well, what does this mean?" you ask your comrades.

"Oh, that is for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know."

Yes, this is the way they treat even the little wild birds in good old Sweden. You will scarcely find a farmer in all the land who will sit down to a Christmas dinner with his loved ones, in the light and warmth within doors, till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little feathered wild guests in the cold and snow without.

W. W. Thomas, Jr., in *Youth's Companion Series*

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horizon	luminous	yacht
verdant	festivities	celebrations

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.

BIBLE

BUILDERS OF OLD

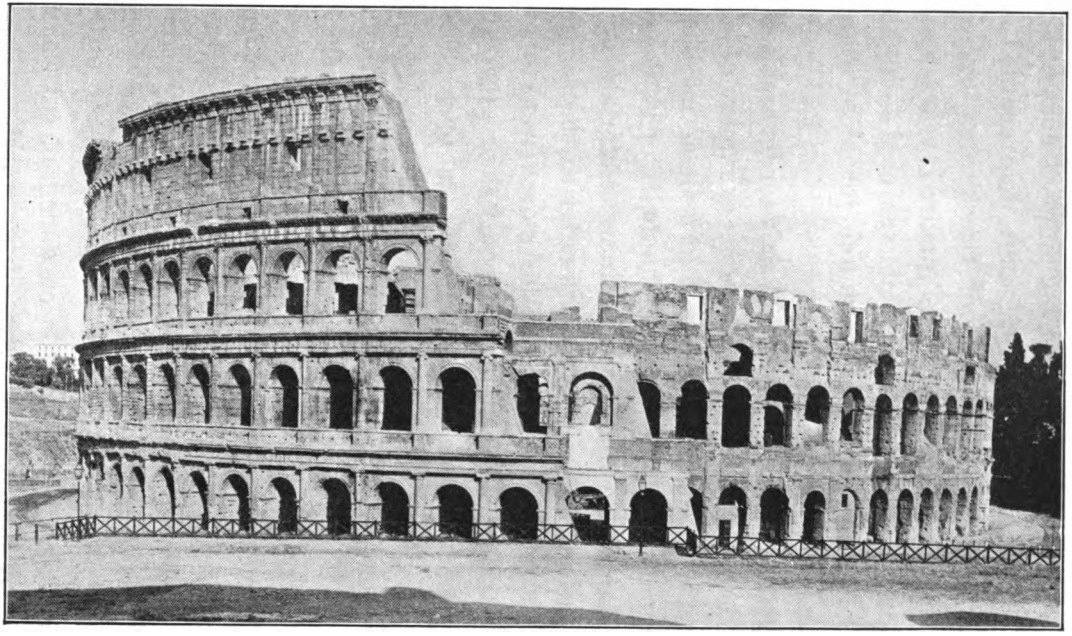
Many nations of the ancient world achieved great fame as builders. Egypt, Greece, and Rome contain the ruins of many famous temples and other buildings.

Of all that remains of the work of these ancient builders, the pyramids of Egypt are, perhaps, the most wonderful. They stand on the vast plains of the Nile River. The largest one, the Pyramid of Gizeh, was erected as the tomb of the ancient Egyptian king, Cheops. From inscriptions on its surface we learn that one hundred thousand men were employed for many years in its construction.

This great pyramid is four hundred and fifty feet high, and its base covers thirteen acres. Its entrance was placed about fifty feet above the ground. Passages led from the entrance to various chambers, many of which were cut out of solid rock.

The stone used in the construction of the pyramids was dragged for miles by armies of workmen. This stone was taken as tax or tribute from cities, provinces, and countries. The labor was forced; the workmen were not paid for their toil—they were either prisoners of war or slaves. The work of the Egyptians was planned on an immense scale, but it lacked the beauty and grace of Greek art.

The Greeks erected no such massive structures as the pyramids, but many of their buildings were among the most beautiful that the world has ever seen.



THE COLISEUM

One of the most celebrated buildings of ancient Greece was the Parthenon, at Athens. This was regarded as an example of the highest type of Greek architecture. It was erected nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. So perfect was its structure that it was used — in almost original form — as temple or church for more than two centuries.

The Parthenon was famous not only for its architectural beauty but also for the many fine examples of Greek sculpture which adorned it. It was built of marble, and owed much of its beauty to the simplicity of its design.

The Roman method of obtaining materials for the erection of public buildings was similar to that employed by the Egyptians — that is, the stones were obtained through tribute. The Romans pressed their great armies into service in building roads, bridges, and even cities.

The Coliseum, one of Rome's most famous structures, was completed in 80 A.D. It seated eighty-seven thousand people, in four tiers of seats, corresponding to the four stories of the building.

This structure was used as a theater. In its enormous center space, the arena, — two hundred and eighty by one hundred and seventy-six feet, — mighty contests between men and animals took place, for the Romans were cruel in their sports.

In our day the ruins of the once magnificent Coliseum are counted among the wonders of the world.

The fame of the Romans as builders does not rest with their temples and public buildings. The Romans were the greatest road builders of antiquity. From Rome as a center, they constructed fine, broad roads in every direction. It was a well-known saying that "All roads lead to Rome."

As soon as the Roman soldiers had conquered a city or a town, they began to build roads, so that their great armies might travel with ease and safety to and from the capital city. One of their best known roads was called the Appian Way. This road stretched from Rome to the seaport town of Brundisium, a distance of about three hundred miles. The Appian Way was so substantially built that the people of Italy use it to this day.

In making a road the Romans first dug a deep trench the full width of the proposed road. This trench was filled with small stones, carefully placed, so as to make a strong and solid foundation. Great, even blocks of stone were placed over the foundation; the result was a level roadway of solid stone, that no storm could wash away and no amount of travel destroy.

architecture	Coliseum	arena
pyramid	enormous	employed
sculpture	antiquity	tribute

THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money.

Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbors as he talked to himself in the following manner.

"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will, in a very little while, rise to four hundred, which, of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand.

"As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man and turn jeweler. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones.

"When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas.

"When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having presented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses.

"I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night.

"As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I will make my father-in-law a visit with a grand train and equipage. When I am placed at his right hand, — which he will do, of course, if it be only to honor his daughter, — I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech, as 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house I shall take particular care to breed in her due respect for me.

To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her.

"Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable and will turn my back upon her.

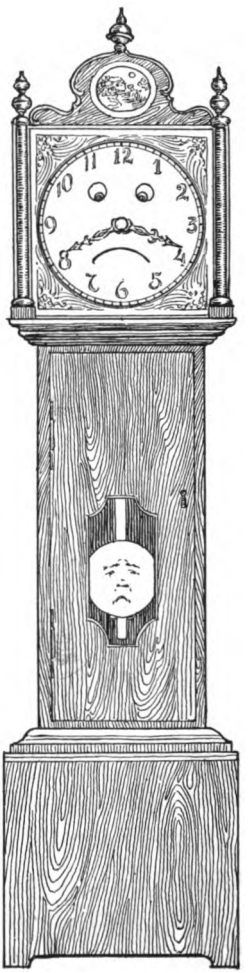
"Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts. So that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street and broke them into a thousand pieces.

Abridged from JOSEPH ADDISON

drachmas	jeweler	discretion
equipage	inexorable	veneration
inconsolable	traffic	chimerical

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM



An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause for complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted an inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of

ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock was so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do?"

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you there above can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, 'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep his countenance during this harangue, but, resuming his gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may *fatigue* us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Will you now give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of the *six* strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but *one;* and that, however

often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, and the pendulum began to swing; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen window, shone full upon the dial plate, when it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR

fatigue	harangue	protested
stagnation	pendulum	complied

Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, sixty golden minutes, each set with sixty diamond seconds; no reward is offered, as they are lost forever.

HORACE MANN

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
  Melt in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON

gaudy denies eloquent

CLOUDS, RAINS, AND RIVERS — I

Every occurrence in Nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrence alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it.

Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers and glaciers, our interest will be greatly augmented by taking into account not only their actual appearances, but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river, of course, becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills.

Thus the Severn has its source in the Welsh Mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Danube in the hills of the Black Forest; the Rhine and the Rhone in the Alps; the Ganges in the Himalaya Mountains; the Euphrates near Mount Ararat; the Garonne in the Pyrenees; the Elbe in the Giant Mountains of Bohemia; the

Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence in the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general, these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hillsides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. The river Albula in Switzerland, for instance, rushes at its origin in considerable volume from a mountain side. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive.

At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply; you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the funnel. Give close

attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing, which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense, opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air and is called a cloud.

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether, and if you continue your observations you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor.

The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud that can be dissolved in it. When

the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is liable to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air, it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely divided liquid into that of transparent vapor or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is precipitated in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive.

On a warm day you notice no vapor in front of your mouth, but on a cold day you form there a little cloud derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapor from the lungs.

Even on the driest day this vapor is never absent from our atmosphere. The vapor diffused through the air of this room may be congealed to hoarfrost in your presence. This is done by filling a vessel with a mixture of pounded ice and salt, which is colder than the ice itself, and which, therefore, condenses and freezes the aqueous vapor. The surface of the vessel is finally coated with a frozen fur, so thick that it may be scraped away and formed into a snowball.

To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud. Is there any fire in nature which

produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is; the fire of the sun.

Thus by tracing backward, without any break in the chain of occurrences, our river from its end to its beginnings, we come at length to the sun.

augmented	orifice	aqueous
humid	percolate	atmosphere

CLOUDS, RAINS, AND RIVERS — II

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by driblets on a hillside, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards to Lyons, where it turns to the east. Bending round by Chambéry, you come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you find that the Rhone there enters it; that the lake is, in fact, a kind of expansion of the river.

Follow this upwards; you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice, — the end of a glacier, — which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the

river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But again we have not yet reached the real beginning of the river. You soon convince yourself that this earliest water of the Rhone is produced by the melting of the ice. You get upon the glacier and walk upwards along it. After a time the ice disappears and you come upon snow. If you are a competent mountaineer you may go to the very top of this great snow-field, and if you cross the top and descend at the other side, you finally quit the snow, and get upon another glacier called the Trift, from the end of which rushes a river smaller than the Rhone.

You soon learn that the mountain snow feeds the glacier. By some means or other the snow is converted into ice. But whence comes the snow? Like the rain, it comes from the clouds, which, as before, can be traced to vapor raised by the sun.

Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapor, without vapor no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious, then, as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat of the sun.

JOHN TYNDALL in *Forms of Water*

expansion	glacier	mountaineer
source	competent	disposed

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear —
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

ROBERT BURNS

If a man is unhappy, it must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy.

EPICTETUS

He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is wise is good; and he who is good is happy.

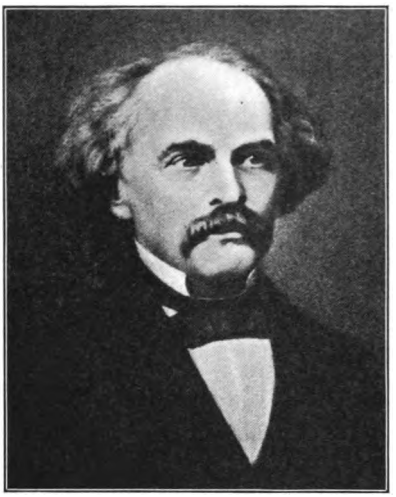
BOËTHIUS

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.

BEN JONSON

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray; these are the things that make men happy.

JOHN RUSKIN



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. His father died when Nathaniel was very young, and his mother made a home for the family in the woods of Maine. In this secluded spot, devoting all his time to books and nature, the future author passed his boyhood. When he entered Bowdoin College he met as fellow-students Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, and Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States. The latter remained to the end one of Hawthorne's closest friends, and at the height of his power showed his friendship for the writer in many ways.

During the twelve years following his graduation from college Hawthorne resided at Salem, and was busily engaged with his literary work. Then he held a public office for two years in Boston. At the expiration of his term of office he returned to his native town, and, after his marriage in 1842, moved to Concord, where he occupied an old mansion which stands to this day, and which is visited every year by thousands who have enjoyed his writings. As with many of the great writers of the world, Hawthorne's first efforts brought him slight recognition. Most of the sketches written during his long period of seclusion at Salem never attained popularity, and the author was compelled to write unceasingly for newspapers and magazines in order to support himself.

About 1837 a selected number of his sketches were published under the title *Twice-Told Tales*. These tales were reviewed by his old classmate Longfellow, and the high praise which the popular poet awarded to the book meant much for the struggling author. This was the beginning of Hawthorne's success as a writer, and when he settled at Concord, his fame was well established.

The life of the writer during his residence in Concord was quiet and secluded. He was a dreamer in the peaceful New England town, and the little world about him was well suited to the tastes of the student and observer. His *Mosses from an Old Manse* has made famous the old mansion which he occupied.

Describing his life in those days, he says, "When summer was dead and buried, the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever — in my time at least — it had been thronged with company; but, at no rare intervals, we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us.

"In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim traveled on his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs.

"I held it as proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate-posts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us.

"Others could give them pleasure, and amusement, and instruction; these could be picked up anywhere; but it was for me to give them rest — rest in a life of trouble."

After a residence of several years in Concord, Hawthorne returned once more to Salem and again entered public life. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce as consul to Liverpool, and during the next seven years he was busy with his official duties.

On his return to the United States in 1860 he devoted himself to the literary work that he loved best of all. In manner Hawthorne was shy and retiring, and in company he was noted rather for his silence than for his conversation. He was tall and imposing in appearance, and it seemed difficult to reconcile his powerful physique with his gentle disposition. He was one of those men who do not have to depend on others for their enjoyment of life.

In his writings he displays an intimate knowledge of the legends and romances of New England. Some of the most fanciful of those legends are told by him with a skill that holds our interest through every chapter. In other popular tales he retold the myths of the gods and heroes of ancient Greece and Rome.

Among his best known writings are *Grandfather's Chair*, a series of historical stories about New England, *The Wonder Book*, *The Scarlet Letter*, one of the best pieces of fiction in the English language, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Snow Image*, *The Marble Faun*, and *Tanglewood Tales*. Though many of his books were written for older readers, Hawthorne has written more stories and sketches that interest and delight children than any other American author.

Many of his writings reveal a fondness for the strange and fanciful. His plots are carefully drawn and display great power of imagination. He has collected in his historical sketches the most romantic incidents of New

England history and told them in a manner that charms the old as well as the young.

Though Hawthorne lived for many years a life far removed from the busy world, his writings show a love for those about him and an interest in their welfare. In England as well as in his own country he is justly regarded as one of the great writers of the nineteenth century. In 1864 Hawthorne died in the arms of his friend, Franklin Pierce, and was buried in Concord, the little Massachusetts town which was his home for so many years.

literary	fiction	siesta
secluded	sketches	nineteenth
obscurity	opiate	precincts

THE OLD MANSE

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard, as usual, throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House.

And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guardroom. Meanwhile Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee House.

In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers, who were dismissed from duty, passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobster-backs!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets."

"O you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we 'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others, who were younger and less prudent, remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men.

When they drew near the sentinel, he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrade. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street, by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed!"

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobster-backs!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times.

The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared,

the victories won, in the old French War, where the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some sorely wounded were

struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow, and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

cupola	peremptory	reconciliation
calamities	pacified	challenge
presentiment	mandate	sentinel

ODE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR

bombarding belched battery

SIR ISAAC NEWTON — I

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school.

In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical operations. He had a set of little tools, and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

"He 'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world, and be a rich man before he dies."

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and magnificently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing-rooms.

Others probably thought that little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clock maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves, as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set agoing, not by wheels and weights, like other clocks, but by the dropping of

water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour, for the water clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial — yea, and long after the sun itself — shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wanderer, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of

a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

ingenuity	mechanical	apprentice
mathematics	vibrates	anticipations
calculate	philosophy	elapsed

SIR ISAAC NEWTON — II

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete.

Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth, or from a pair of bellows, was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac; for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true! I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made the miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about, and perform the duties of a miller. As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world, whose size was just suited to his windmill.

It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found,

Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

As Isaac grew older it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought, or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy.

At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able, hereafter, to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school, and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, that his mother sent him back to school and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long, were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man.

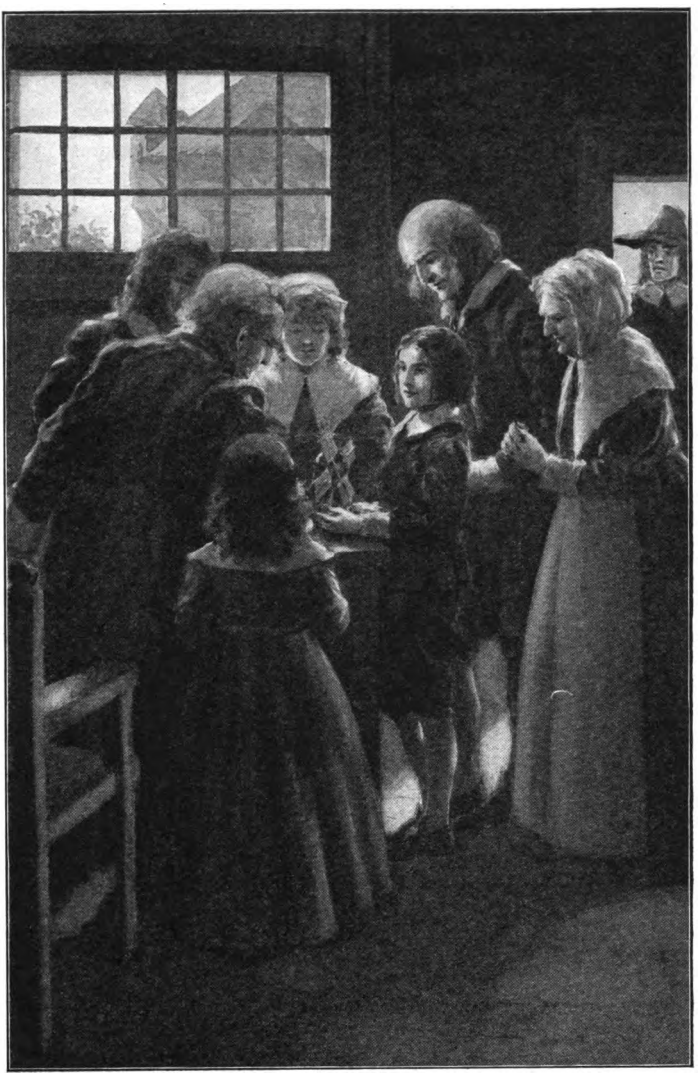
He was the first to find out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided in the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

mechanism	gravitation	quadruped
reverential	deficiency	anecdotes

SIR ISAAC NEWTON — III

While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said,



indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years, studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"Oh, Diamond! Diamond!" exclaimed he; "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterward; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of Parliament, and

received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died, — or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator, as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him, which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

researches	telescope	theory
comparison	infinite	animated

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

vagrant spendthrift allured

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

That man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

MAMMA'S PLOT

"It's the meanest thing I ever heard of, and I won't bear it!" cried Kitty, sitting down on her half-packed trunk with a most rebellious expression.

"You must, my dear; it is the rule of the school, and you must submit. I'm very sorry, for I expected great comfort and pleasure from your little letters; but if madam has to read and correct them all, of course they will be compositions, and not particularly interesting," said mamma, with a sigh, as she folded up the small garments as tenderly as if her little girl had been inside of them.

"I didn't mind much about it when I read the rules, but now that I'm really going, it seems like a prison; and I shall be just wild to tell you everything. How can I, if that old lady has got to see what I write? I know I shan't like the food, and I can't ask you to send me any goodies without her knowing it.

"If I'm homesick, I shall want to tell you, and of course there will be lots of funny things that you'd enjoy, but for this disgusting rule. I do declare I won't go!" and Kitty cast her new boots sternly on the floor.

"Yes, you will, Puss, because papa and I want you to. This is an excellent school, old-fashioned in some things, and I like it for that, though this rule is not a wise one, I fancy. You must do the best you can, and perhaps

madam won't be very particular about what you write to me, if you are a good child."

"I know she will. I saw fussiness in her face. She's sure to be strict and prim, and I shall be so miserable." Here Kitty began to cry over her woes.

It was a habit of hers to have a great many troubles, and to be very much afflicted about trifles, for she had not a real trial in the world, except her own fidgety little self.

As she sat on her trunk, with all her possessions scattered about her, and one great tear on the end of her nose (she could n't squeeze out another to save her life), she was a very pathetic object; and mamma felt so tender about losing her that she could not make light of this grief, as she often did when Kitty wept over some trifle.

All of a sudden a bright idea came into her head, for mothers' wits are usually sharper than other people's where their children are concerned. Up she got, and hurrying to her desk pulled out a box of many-colored note paper, with envelopes to match, saying, as she showed them with a smile: "I've thought of a nice plan, a sort of joke between us. Come here, and I'll tell you about it."

So Kitty wiped away her one tear, and ran to hear the new plan, full of curiosity and interest; for pretty papers are always attractive, and mamma looked as if the joke was going to be a funny one.

"I will fill your little portfolio with these, and for each color we will have a different meaning, which I shall understand. Let me see. When you are well and happy, use this pink paper; when you are homesick, take the blue; if you want goodies, use the green; and if you don't feel well, take the violet. How do you like the idea, Puss?"

"It's regularly splendid! I do love to have secrets, and this will be such a nice one, all private, between our two selves. Mamma, you are a perfect dear, and I'll send you a letter every week. It will be such fun to write it all prim and proper, and let madam see it, and then have it tell you all about me by the color."

And Kitty danced about the room, till the little blue bow on the top of her head stood straight up as if with excitement.

So the portfolio was fitted out in great style, and Kitty felt as proud as you please, for other girls did n't have colored note papers, much less private jokes with their mammas.

The new arrangement made her quite willing to go; and all that day she kept looking at her mother with twinkling eyes, and the last thing she said, as the carriage drove away, was, "Don't forget what pink, blue, green, and violet mean, mamma."

The first week was a hard one, for everything was new, and the rules were rather strict. Kitty did her best for the honor of her family, but sometimes her woes did seem

heavier than she could bear, especially French verbs, and getting up very early.

So when Saturday came, and the home letters were to be written, she longed to pour out her full heart to dear mamma, but did not dare to do it, for madam went about among the girls, suggesting, correcting, and overseeing their productions as if they were nothing but compositions.

"Remember, my dears, these three rules when you are writing letters: always put in something about your Heavenly Father, the progress of your studies, and your duty to parents and teachers.

"None of these important points have been touched upon in your epistle, Miss Catherine; therefore, as it is much blotted, I desire you to rewrite it, making these additions. Here is an example of the proper style"; and madam laid a model letter before poor Kitty, who muttered to herself, as she read it: "I might as well write a sermon, and done with it. Papa will laugh, and mamma won't get one bit of news from it. I'll let her know how unhappy I am, anyway."

So Kitty took out her bluest paper (the homesick color, you know), and produced the following letter, which madam approved and sent:

My dear Mamma:

With every sentiment which affection can suggest, I hasten to inform you that I am well, and trust you, also, and my honored father are enjoying the best of blessings, robust health.

I am endeavoring to prove, by diligence and good conduct, my gratitude for the advantages now offered me, and trust that my progress may be a source of satisfaction to my parents and teachers, as well as profitable to myself in years to come.

Madam is most kind to me, and my schoolmates are agreeable and friendly young ladies. That I may merit their affection and respect is the sincere wish of my heart, for friendship adds a charm to life, and strengthens the most amiable sentiments of the youthful mind.

As Monday is your birthday, please accept this little picture as a token of my love, with best wishes for many happy returns of the day. May our Heavenly Father, in His infinite goodness, long preserve you to us, and when this earthly pilgrimage is over, may your landing be on that happy shore where naught but bliss can meet you, and where your virtues will receive the recompense which they deserve.

I desire much to see you, but do not repine, since you deem it best to send me from you for a time. Our meeting will be the more delightful for this separation, and time soon flies when profitably employed.

Please give my love to all, especially my papa, and believe me, dear mamma,

Your ever dutiful and affectionate daughter,

CATHERINE AUGUSTA MURRY

"It's perfectly awful," said Kitty to herself, as she read it over; and so it was, but madam was an old-fashioned lady, and had been brought up to honor her parents in the old-fashioned way. Letters like that were written in her youth, and she saw no occasion to change the style for what she called the modern slipshod mixture of gossip and slang.

The good lady had never thought that there might be a middle course, and that it was a better way to teach composition to let the children write their own natural little letters, with hints as to spelling, grammar, and other necessary matters, than to make them copy the Grandisonian style of her own youth.

Poor Kitty rebelled sadly, but submitted, and found her only comfort in the thought that mamma would find something in the letter besides what this disrespectful little person called "madam's old rubbish."

Mamma did find it, and sent back such a tender reply that Kitty's heart reproached her for causing so much anxiety, when things were not so very bad after one got used to them.

So the next letter was a cheerful pink one, and though the contents were not a bit more interesting than the first one, it gave great satisfaction.

A green one went next, for as Kitty's spirits improved, she felt the need of a few home goodies to sweeten her studies and enliven her play hours. As only sensible dainties came, and madam was propitiated by a particularly delicate cake, presented with all due respect, she made no objection to an occasional box from home.

Kitty therefore found herself a great favorite, and all the girls were very fond of her, especially when the "sweeties" arrived.

"I think your mother is perfectly splendid to send such nice things without your saying a word. I have to tease mine when I go home on a visit, and she always forgets, and I can't remind her because the griffin sees my letters, and cuts out all requests for food, 'as if you were not properly supplied with the best in the market.'"

Fanny said that, — the wag and romp of the school, — and as she imitated the "griffin," as she had naughtily named madam, there was a general giggle, in which Kitty was glad to join, for she did get goodies "without saying a word," and the idea pleased her immensely.

But she told her secret to no one, and, finding that the pink notes made mamma very happy, she tried not to think of her "woes" when she sat down to write. This little bit of self-denial was its own reward; for, as the woes only existed in her own imagination, when she resolutely stopped thinking of them, they vanished.

Plenty of work and play, young society, and the affectionate desire to please her mother did for Kitty just what mamma had hoped. At home she was too much petted and pitied, as the youngest is apt to be; and so she had the "fidgets," which are to little people what "nerves" are to the elders. Now she had no time to dawdle and bemoan herself; if she did, other girls went to the head of the class, led the games, and got the best marks.

So Kitty bestirred herself, and in three months was quite another child. Madam praised her, the girls loved her,

mamma was both pleased and proud, and papa quite decided that Puss should have a little gold watch on her next birthday.

The pink paper was soon used up, since there was no call for any of the other colors, except an occasional green sheet; and a new stock was gladly sent by mamma, who was quite satisfied with the success of her little plot.

But mamma had been rather troubled by one thing, and that was the breaking of the rule. It had seemed a foolish one to her, and she had taught Kitty how to escape it. That was a bad example, and so she wrote to madam, and "fessed," just like an honest mamma as she was.

She did it so prettily and penitently that old madam was not angry; indeed, when the matter was sensibly and respectfully put before her, she saw the justice of it, forgave the little plot, and amazed her pupils by gradually omitting to watch over them as they wrote.

When saucy Fanny spoke of it, she answered that she trusted them to write only what was true and modest, and, finding that the times had changed a little since her young days, she meant to relax some of her rules.

That pleased the girls, and they proved their gratitude by honorably forbearing to put into their letters anything disrespectful toward the dear old griffin.

Some of the most affectionate freely took their letters to her for correction; and when she had read a few, and laughed over them till the spectacles were dim, she quite

depended on seeing them, and found what used to be a dull task now changed to a very pleasant amusement.

As a contrast to the model letter already inserted (and which I beg leave to state was really written from school by a little girl of twelve), I will only add one which Kitty wrote after the old rule was set aside:

My dear little Mamma:

Now that I can tell you everything, I will answer the questions you asked in your last, and please, please don't think I am a vain thing because I seem to praise myself. It is truly what people say and do, and I should never have told if you had not asked me.

You want to know if I am liked. Why, mamma, I 'm a leading girl. Others fight to walk with me, and bribe me with their nice things to sit by them. I 'm at the head most of the time, and try not to be grand about it; so I help the others, and am as kind and generous as I know how to be.

Madam is just as dear and clever as she can be, and I 'm actually fond of her. Don't tell, but I fancy I 'm her favorite, for she lets me do ever so many things that she once forbid, and is n't half so strict as she was.

I 'm truly glad I came, for I do get on, and have n't had a woe this ever so long. Is n't that nice? I 'm homesick sometimes, and look at my blue paper, but I won't use it, so I go and have a good run, or chatter French with madam, and get cheered up before I write.

I miss you most at night, mamma dear, for then I have no one to tell my goods and bads to, and so get right. But not having you, I remember what you told me, that I always have God, and to Him I open my heart as I never did before. Prayers mean something to me now, and I say them so earnestly that sometimes I cry, and that makes me feel so fresh and strong, and ready to go on again.

I do try to be good, and don't ask for any reward but to see you look proud and pleased when I come home. I 'd give anything if I

could hug you now and then, because *you* don't mind if I tumble your collar; madam does, and that spoils the fun of it. Kissing is a kind of inspiration, you know; and one does n't stop to think of clothes, when one is so full of love; it must spill over in kisses.

That sounds sentimental, but I 'm not going to take it out, because you 'll understand what I mean, and won't laugh. That 's the comfort of private letters, is n't it?

Now, good-by, my dearest mother. Lots of love to papa, and do both write soon to your own little

PUSS

Just as Kitty was folding it up, madam came by, and quite mechanically held out her hand for it, as she used to do.

Kitty caught it back, and then blushed and looked distressed: for madam said gravely, as she remembered the new rule: "I beg your pardon; I forgot. Seal it up, my dear; I won't ask to read your secrets any more."

Kitty saw that she was hurt, and with an impulsive gesture thrust the letter into madam's hand, saying bravely, though she quaked a little at some of the things she had written: "Please read it. There are no secrets in it, only foolish things that mamma likes to know, because they are about me. You 'll think I 'm a vain goose, but I 'd rather you did that than think I told tales, or did anything sly."

Thus urged, madam read the letter; and Kitty stood by, with cheeks much pinker than the paper, expecting a lecture when the last word came. But, to her great amazement, the old lady kissed her as she gave it back,

and said, in a voice as gentle as if speaking to one of her own little daughters, lost long ago: "It is a good letter, my dear, and a true one. Give my regards to your mamma and tell her that your suspicion about my favorite is quite correct."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT in *Cupid and Chow Chow*

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rebellious	pathetic	portfolio
propitiated	penitently	sentimental
impulsive	resolutely	gesture
amiable	repine	fidgety

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A YOUNG SAILOR'S FIRST WATCH

The fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig *Pilgrim*, on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under way early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea rig, with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged me to give up my studies, and which no medical aid seemed likely to remedy.

The change from the tight frock coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Harvard, to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made; and I supposed that I should pass very well for a jack tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practiced eye in these matters; and while I thought myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight.

A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat, worn on

the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a slip tie to the black silk neckerchief, with sundry other minutiæ, are signs, the want of which betrays the beginner at once.

Besides the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were quite enough to distinguish me from the regular salt who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwart ships, half opened, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparation for sea, reefing studding-sail gear, crossing royal yards, putting on chafing gear, and taking on board our powder.

On the following night I stood my first watch. I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck, so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust, that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the longboat for a nap. That was a sufficient lookout, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity for a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment.

As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night. My watch began at eleven o'clock at night, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came out from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and, having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands.

How I accomplished this, I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true hoarse boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land.

I could take but small part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and

pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, and in a few minutes we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding good night to my native land.

RICHARD HENRY DANA in *Two Years before the Mast*

determination	undergraduate	minutiæ
medical	superabundance	pitiable
athwart	unintelligible	intermingling

As travellers oft look back, at eve
  When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
  Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
  To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
  Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast —
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high —
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud —
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

REJOICING ON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

The Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age, which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged, time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said that the appearance of such guests would prevent the ends of the meeting; but the objection was overruled by Christmas Day. The Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the side board for the Twenty-ninth of February.

I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve as merry little foot pages as you should desire to see, that went all round and found out the persons invited well enough,

with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but Hail, fellow Day! — well met, brother Day! — sister Day! Only Lady Day kept a little aloof and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Night cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frosted cake all royal and glittering. The rest came, some in green, some in white.

Rainy Days came in dripping, and sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day came late, as he always does, and Doomsday sent word — he might be expected.

April Fool, as my young lord's jester, took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made of it. He had placed the Twenty-first Day of June next to the Twenty-second Day of December, and the former looked like a maypole siding a marrowbone. At another part of the table Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth.

It beginning to grow a little dusk, Candlemas lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed around in silver ewers, and May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech

proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example, the rest of the company) with garlands.

This being done, the lordly New Year, from the upper end of the table, in a cordial, but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, and promised to improve their farms and, at the same time, to abate their rents.

Then the young lord, in as few words as possible, assured them of entire welcome, and, with a graceful turn singling out poor Twenty-ninth of February — that had sat all this while at the sideboard — begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him, observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years. At the same time, removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed who had the greatest number of followers, the Quarters Days said there could be no question as to that, for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter, because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *Lent* all the year.

Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day

went off in a mist as usual, Shortest Day in a deep black fog, that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog.

Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lovers Day could wish to set off in.

Abridged from CHARLES LAMB

deputed	ewers	peculiar
tiffany	conundrums	quibbles

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
  In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
  For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
  The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
  Our happy days recalling.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EYES AND NO EYES

Everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps one's power of observation so much as the study of the world about us, and especially the study of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new, and to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike, — this makes one a skillful observer. And this must, and I well know does, help to make a boy observant, shrewd, and accurate in the common affairs of life.

When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called *Evenings at Home*, in which was a great story called "Eyes and No Eyes," and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins: "Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull; he saw hardly a single person. He had rather have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?"

Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious — always stopping to look at this thing and that — that Robert would rather walk alone, and so went on.

Presently, in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago, — with frill collar, and a tight, skeleton monkey jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, and a pair of low shoes which always came off if you stepped into heavy ground. Terribly dirty and wet he is; but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has got a piece of mistletoe and wants to know what it is; he has seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and gathered strange flowers off the heath; and hunted a pewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till, of course, it led him into a bog; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf cutting. Then he went up a hill and saw a grand prospect; and because the place was called Campmount, he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one. Then he went on, and saw twenty more things; and so on, till he had brought home curiosities and thoughts enough to last him a week.

Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon, says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his old-fashioned way: "So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling houses and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

"While many a thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes, and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, "I will be Mr. Eyes, I will not be Mr. No Eyes"; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since, and Mr. Eyes I advise you to be if you wish to be happy and successful.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

shrewd	tedious	mistletoe
observant	superiority	inquiring

CROSSING THE BAR

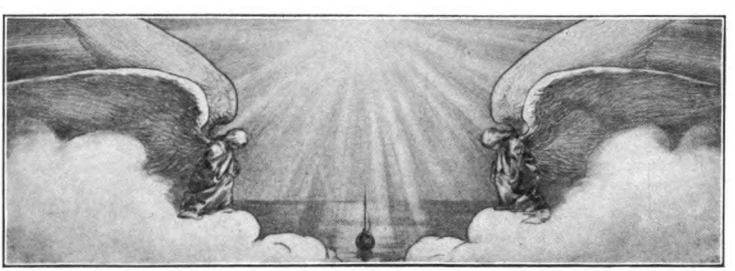
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS

Come to the window, old man. Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth. The day is dying, the year is dying, you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown that reveals the outline of his tall form, now bent with age, once so beautiful in its erect manhood, rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands. Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood with the vigor of mature intellect? Snow-white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light; a mouth molded in an expression of benignity, almost divine!

It is the 14th of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the signers. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber, to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains. He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six who, in the Revolution, stood forth, undismayed by the ax or the gibbet, their mission the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country, he alone remains. One by one the pillars have crumbled from the

roof of the temple, and now the last, a trembling column, glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But for the pillar that crumbles there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again; while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one can never be forgotten. The last! As the venerable old man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move, without sound; he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration; he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

All gone but him! Upon the woods dyed with the rainbow of the closing year, upon the stream darkened by masses of shadow, upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls, mellowing, the last light of the declining day. He will never see the sun rise again. He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from belovéd lips. He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

GEORGE LIPPARD

resurrection venerable benignity

THE FOOTBALL GAME — I

"Hold the puntabout!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing, as they go, into three bodies.

That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the schoolhouse wall, are the schoolhouse boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the schoolboys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck handkerchiefs, and braces on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds.

There is none of the color and tastiness of get-up, you will perceive, which lends such a life to the present game at Rugby, making the dullest and worst-fought match a pretty sight. Now each house has its own uniform of cap and jersey, of some lively color; but at the time we are speaking of, plush caps had not yet come in, or uniforms of any sort, except the schoolhouse white trousers, which are abominably cold to-day: let us get to work, bareheaded and girded with our plain leather straps — but we mean business, gentlemen.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my word; for has n't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick off?

The new ball, you may see, lies there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the schoolhouse side is drilled. You will see in the first place that the sixth-form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play.

Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters, and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, halfway between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bulldogs — mark them well — they are "the fighting brigade," the "die-hards," larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another.

And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to — here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshiping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning: and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the schoolhouse wings, a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning toward the school goal, — seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick off; and the schoolhouse cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion.

Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got: you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a schoolhouse match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see! it has broken; the ball is driven out on the schoolhouse side, and a rush of the school carries it past the schoolhouse players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call though, the schoolhouse captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost schoolboys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop kick well into the enemy's country.

And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the schoolhouse quarters, and now into the school goal; for the schoolhouse have not lost the advantage which the kick off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries.

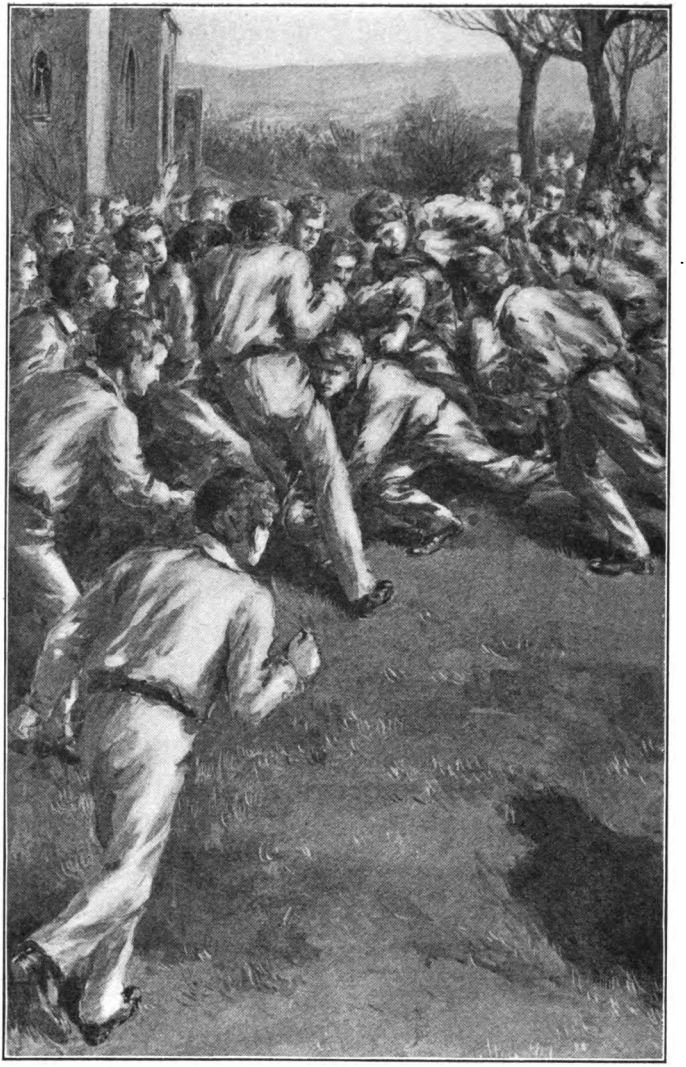
You say you don't see much in it all; nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull.

My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, and turns by which a game is lost and won — it takes an old player to do that, but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together

predicament	abominably	absurdity
affirmative	agitated	adversaries

THE FOOTBALL GAME — II

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bulldogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use.



Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here comes Speedicut, and Flashman the schoolhouse bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking up, by the schoolhouse fire, with "Old fellow, was n't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!"

But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the schoolhouse — but to make us think that 's what you want — a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it 's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you — we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them — they are most useful players, the dodgers, who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers: as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not facing a scrummage at football.

Three quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by

yard the schoolhouse have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bulldogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The schoolhouse are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the schoolhouse.

We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of, "In touch," "Our ball." Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another: he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother.

Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it. The school leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after

the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, and the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal posts.

The school leaders come up furious, and administer toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand: they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that the schoolhouse kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair.

But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back; he will not kick out till they are all in a goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to

catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the schoolhouse goal.

Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! Don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! Place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones — he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the schoolhouse players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour — such a thing has n't been done in the schoolhouse match this five years.

THOMAS HUGHES in *Tom Brown's School Days*

furiously administer sauntering

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old —
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true — it is very true —
I am old, and I "bide my time";
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go —
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A BUDGET OF FAMOUS LETTERS

I. THOMAS JEFFERSON TO HIS DAUGHTER

TOULON, April 7, 1787.

My dear Patsy:

I received yesterday, at Marseilles, your letter of March 25, and I received it with pleasure, because it announced to me that you were well. Experience teaches us to be always anxious about the health of those whom we love.

I have received letters which inform me that our dear Polly will certainly come to us this summer. When she arrives, she will become a precious charge on your hands. The difference of your age, and your common loss of a mother, will put that office on you.

Teach her above all things to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others, nor set any value on ourselves. Teach her to be always true; no vice is so mean as the want of truth, and at the same time so useless.

Teach her never to be angry; anger only serves to torment ourselves, to divert others, and to alienate their esteem.

And teach her industry and application to useful pursuits. I will venture to assure you that, if you inculcate this in her mind, you will make her a happy being in herself, a most estimable friend to you, and precious to all the world.

In teaching her these dispositions of mind you will be more fixed in them yourself, and render yourself dear to all your acquaintances. Practice them, then, my dear, without ceasing.

If ever you find yourself in difficulty and doubt how to extricate yourself, *do what is right*, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty.

Do it for the additional incitement of increasing the happiness of him who loves you infinitely and who is, my dear Patsy,

Yours affectionately,

TH. JEFFERSON

alienate	estimable	extricate
inculcate	incitement	infinitely

Every human being, my dear, must be thus viewed, according to what he is good for; for none of us, no, not one, is perfect; and were we to love none who had imperfections, this world would be a desert for our love. All we can do is to make the best of our friends, love and cherish what is good in them, and keep out of the way of what is bad.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

II. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO BENJAMIN WEBB

PASSY, April 22, 1784.

Dear Sir:

I received yours of the 15th instant, and the memorial it inclosed. The account they give of your situation grieves me. I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to *give* such a sum; I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country with a good character, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts; in that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress you must pay me by lending this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a *little*. With best wishes for the success of your memorial, and your future prosperity, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN

TO BENJAMIN WEBB

memorial prosperity similar

III. LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY OF BOSTON

Dear Madam:

I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SHIP ON RUNNERS

This selection is taken from *Around the World in Eighty Days*, by Jules Verne. The following is a brief outline of the story.

The hero, Phileas Fogg, and several of his friends are seated in a London club. They are discussing a great robbery which had occurred a few days previous. In speaking of the robber's chances of escape, Mr. Fogg states that it is possible for a person to travel around the world in eighty days. His friends declare that this could not be done, but Mr. Fogg clings to his opinion. As a result of further talk on the subject, Mr. Fogg makes a wager of one hundred thousand dollars that he himself will accomplish the trip within the stated time.

A few hours later Mr. Fogg and his faithful Passepartout start on their long journey. The London papers print an account of the wager and of the sudden departure of Mr. Fogg. A detective, named Fix, concludes that Mr. Fogg is the man who committed the great robbery, and that the trip has been undertaken in order to escape arrest. Fix immediately starts in pursuit of Mr. Fogg and his servant.

In order to win the wager Mr. Fogg is obliged to guard against any loss of time during the trip. After many exciting adventures Mr. Fogg, Passepartout, and

Mr. Fix (who had caught up with the pair) reach Fort Kearney on our western plains. Here the sail across the frozen prairie is arranged. The journey is continued, and Mr. Fogg and his party arrive in London just within the prescribed time. The story is full of interest, and, in addition, is valuable from a geographical point of view.

Phileas Fogg found himself twenty hours behind time. Passepartout, the cause of this delay, was desperate. He had ruined his master!

At this moment the detective approached Mr. Fogg, and looking him intently in the face, said, "Seriously, sir, are you in great haste?"

"Quite seriously."

"I have a purpose in asking," resumed Fix. "Is it absolutely necessary that you should be in New York on the eleventh, before nine o'clock in the evening, the time that the steamer leaves for Liverpool?"

"It is absolutely necessary."

"And, if your journey had not been interrupted, you would have reached New York on the morning of the eleventh?"

"Yes; with eleven hours to spare before the steamer left."

"Good! You are therefore twenty hours behind. Twelve from twenty leaves eight. You must regain eight hours. Do you wish to try to do so?"

"On foot?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"No; on a sledge," replied Fix; "on a sledge with sails. A man has proposed such a method to me."

Phileas Fogg did not reply at once; but Fix having pointed out the man, who was walking up and down in front of the station, Mr. Fogg went up to him. An instant later Mr. Fogg and the American, whose name was Mudge, entered a hut built just below the fort.

There Mr. Fogg examined a very strange vehicle, a sort of frame laid on two long beams, a little raised in front, like the runners of a sledge, and upon which five or six persons might sit. A high mast was fixed on the frame, held firmly by metallic fastenings, to which was attached a large, square sail. This mast held an iron stag upon which to hoist a jib sail. Behind a sort of rudder served to guide the vehicle.

During the winter, when the trains are blocked up by snow, these sledges make extremely rapid journeys across the frozen plains from one station to another. Having more sail than a cutter, and with the wind behind them, they slip over the surface of the prairies with a speed equal to, if not greater than, that of express trains.

In a few minutes Mr. Fogg made a bargain with the owner of this land craft. The wind was favorable, being fresh, and blowing from the west. The snow had hardened and Mr. Mudge was certain that he could take Mr. Fogg to Omaha in a few hours. From there the trains run

frequently to Chicago and New York, so that it was not impossible to make up the lost time.

At eight o'clock the sledge was ready to start. The passengers took their places on it, and wrapped themselves up closely in their traveling cloaks. The two immense sails were hoisted, and under the pressure of the wind the sledge slid over the hardened snow with a velocity of forty miles an hour.

The distance between Fort Kearney and Omaha, as the birds fly, is at most two hundred miles. If the wind held good, the distance might be covered in five hours. If no accident happened, the sledge might reach Omaha by one o'clock.

What a journey! The travelers, huddled close together, could not speak because of the cold, which was increased by the speed at which they were going. The sledge sped on as lightly as a boat over the waves. When the breeze came, skimming the earth, it seemed as if the sledge was lifted from the ground by its sails, which were like huge wings. Mudge, who was at the rudder, kept it in a straight line. All the sails were up. A topmast was hoisted, and another jib, held out to the wind, added its force to the other sails. Although the speed could not be known exactly, the sledge could not be going at less than forty miles an hour.

"If nothing breaks," said Mudge, "we shall get there."

Mr. Fogg had made it for Mudge's interest to reach Omaha within the time agreed on, by the offer of a handsome reward.

The prairie, across which the sledge was moving in a straight line, was as flat as a sea. It seemed like a vast frozen lake. Mudge was not afraid of being stopped by the Platte River, because it was frozen. The road, then, was quite clear of obstacles, and Phileas Fogg had but two things to fear, — an accident to the sledge, and a change or calm in the wind.

The sledge flew over the immense carpet of snow. If it passed over creeks or rivers, the travelers did not perceive it. The fields and streams disappeared under a uniform whiteness. The plain was absolutely deserted. Not a village, not a station, not even a fort appeared. From time to time they sped by some leafless tree, whose white skeleton twisted and rattled in the wind. Sometimes flocks of wild birds rose, or bands of gaunt, famished, ferocious prairie wolves ran howling after the sledge. Passepartout, revolver in hand, held himself ready to fire on those which came too near. Had an accident then happened to the sledge, the travelers, attacked by these beasts, would have been in the most terrible danger ; but it held on its even course, soon gained on the wolves, and ere long left the howling band safely behind.

At noon, Mudge saw by certain landmarks that he was crossing the frozen course of the Platte River. He said

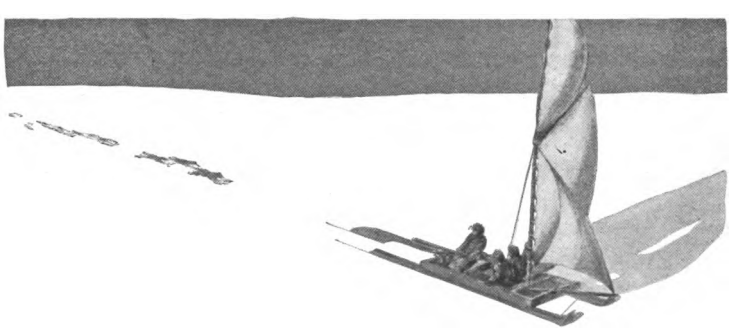
nothing, but he was sure that they were now only twenty miles from Omaha. One hour afterward, leaving the helm, he hastened to furl the sails, while the sledge, carried on by its own force, accomplished another half mile under bare poles. Finally it stopped, and Mudge, pointing out a mass of roofs white with snow, said, —

"We are at Omaha."

Passepartout and Fix jumped off and shook their stiffened limbs. Mr. Fogg settled generously with Mudge, whose hand Passepartout shook like a friend's, and all hurried toward the depot in Omaha. A through train was ready to start, when Phileas Fogg and his companions reached the depot, and they had just time enough left to hurry into a car.

From JULES VERNE in *Around the World in Eighty Days*

metallic	frequently	obstacles
absolutely	ferocious	accomplished
gaunt	famished	uniform



PEANUT GROWING

Many people would mistake a field of growing peanuts for a field of clover. During the Civil War the boys in blue often ran with eagerness into clover fields in search of peanuts, and could not be convinced of their mistake until they had pulled up a considerable number of the roots, and had been roundly laughed at by their more knowing comrades.

The peanut, sometimes called ground pea, or ground nut, is known in the southern states as the pindar and goober. It is generally believed to be a native of Africa, where it is the principal food of some of the Congo tribes; but four or five species of the nut are found growing wild in Brazil.

In the United States it is raised principally in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and has been more recently cultivated in California.

The culture of the peanut is not difficult. Land suited to the raising of corn or melons is generally selected, and care is taken that there be nothing in the ground that would stain the shells.

Planting time begins when the danger to plants from frost has passed. The ground is plowed five or six inches deep, and then harrowed. The nuts are taken from the pod without breaking their skins, are planted two or three together in rows about three feet apart and twenty

inches from hill to hill, and are covered with two inches of earth. Five pecks of shelled seed are needed for an acre. The work of planting was formerly done by hand, but it is now done by a machine, with which one man can plant six to eight acres a day.

When, in a short time, the vine is eight or ten inches long and begins to blossom, it is covered with an inch of soil, care being taken to leave the tip end uncovered. The vines blossom profusely with small, yellow flowers, and as the flower fades away a sharp-pointed stem grows out from its base, turns downward, and buries itself in the ground; on the end of the stem a thick-shelled pod forms, and enlarges rapidly.

All the care that is necessary after the stem returns to the ground is to keep the land free from weeds. The cultivation consists in running a plow between the rows. After the plants have fallen over, they cover the earth so thickly as to smother all other growth.

In October, when the nuts are ripe, the farmer loosens the earth by running a plow under each row to cut off the main roots and throw out the pods. Then he pulls up the vines, to which the nuts adhere, and turns them over to dry. He performs this work only in pleasant weather and when the ground is dry.

After the vines have lain in the sun for a day, which is generally a sufficient time for drying them, the grower stacks them around a stake about seven or eight feet high.

The vines remain in stack from three to five weeks, after which the nuts are picked off, placed in sacks, and shipped to market. A vine under favorable conditions bears more than a hundred nuts, and the yield per acre averages forty bushels.

Most of the Virginia and North Carolina crop, which is about two thirds of the whole crop of the country, is marketed in Norfolk and Petersburg, Virginia. In each of these cities are factories where the nuts are bought as they are delivered by the farmer. The nuts as they appear at this stage, with earth and their stems still clinging to them, are hardly to be recognized as the bright nuts we afterwards see on the corner stand.

To polish them and to remove the earth and stems, the nuts are scoured in large iron cylinders, from which they pass through blast fans, in which a strong current of air separates the fully developed nuts having sound kernels from those imperfectly filled, and from empty pods.

The sound nuts fall through the fan upon long picking tables, where those which are discolored are taken out, and the bright ones are passed on into sacks which will each hold about one hundred pounds of nuts. Each sack is marked with the brand which indicates the grade of its contents.

The dark and partially filled nuts are shelled and the kernels are used by confectioners in making peanut candy. The work of picking over and separating the nuts is

performed by little girls, about twenty of whom are employed at every table.

Three varieties of peanuts are grown in America, — the white, the red, and the Spanish. The white, which is the most important variety, has two kernels with pink skins; its vine spreads along the ground, unlike that of the red variety, which grows more upright and in a bunch.

The pod of the red nut holds three and sometimes four kernels, and has a deep red skin. The Spanish is a much smaller nut, with a lighter skin and milder flavor than either of the others. The entire crop is shelled, and used especially in that rich confection known as nougat.

The history of the competition between the home product and the imported peanut is interesting, and gives one some idea of the importance of the peanut trade. In 1872, and for several years previous, there were annually imported into New York half a million bushels of peanuts, the greater part of which came from Africa, and the rest from Spain.

The American farmers gradually awakened to a perception of the profits to be made by raising the nuts. Melon patches were turned into peanut fields, and in 1878 the seed of the Spanish nut was planted in Virginia. The product was found to equal that of the foreign nut, and as it costs two or three cents a pound less to market the crop, it was not long before the imported nut was driven from the market. At present Virginia, North

Carolina, and Tennessee count goober raising as one of their chief industries. The peanut is a more useful product than people in general think it to be. We all know how eagerly it is sought after to help boys enjoy a base-ball match or a circus; but its use in the roasted form by no means measures the extent of its value or the variety of the uses to which it is put.

The nuts contain from forty-two to fifty per cent of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, which resembles olive oil and is used for similar purposes. This oil is principally employed in the manufacture of the finer grades of soap.

In 1883 Virginia began to manufacture peanut flour, which makes a peculiarly palatable biscuit; and North Carolina has long made pastry of pounded peanuts. It is also eaten for dessert, and it is roasted as a substitute for coffee.

The peanut is very nutritious. The negroes use it in very many places in making porridge or custard, and prepare from it a beverage. The vine forms a fodder as good as clover hay, and hogs fatten on what they find on the fields after the crop has been gathered.

GEORGE B. SPEAR in *Youth's Companion Series*

By permission of Ginn & Company

averages	beverage	palatable
nutritious	nougat	substitute

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;

I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CONTENTMENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that agrees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE

ROBINSON CAST UPON THE ISLAND—I

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner ran out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing of where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited; and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces, unless the wind by a kind of miracle should turn immediately about.

In a word, we sat looking one upon another, and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly as preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship, having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could.

We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board; but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men they got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore, and might well be called "den wild zee," as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar

towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and, the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the coup de grace. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and, separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

abate	miracle	rationally
inevitably	actually	coup de grace

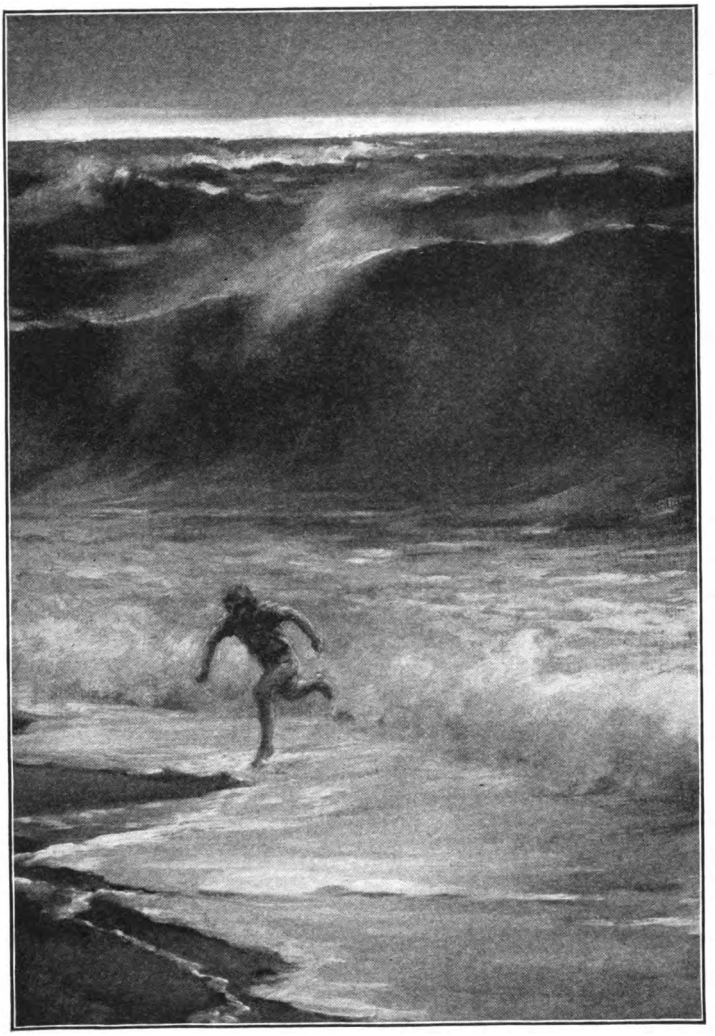
ROBINSON CAST UPON THE ISLAND — II

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave, having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it, for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with.

My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore if possible; my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness



towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage.

I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself and begun to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the waters went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance: for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered

a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

DANIEL DEFOE

endeavored avoid contend

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! Where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE DELL

May second — a delicious evening — bright sunshine; light summer air; a sky almost cloudless; and a fresh yet delicate verdure on the hedges and in the fields; — an evening that seems made for a visit to my newly discovered haunt, the mossy dell, one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood, which, after passing times out of number the field which its terminates, we found out about two months ago from the accident of May's killing a rabbit there. May has had a fancy for the place ever since; and so have I.

Thither accordingly we bend our way; through the village; — up the hill; — along the common; — past the avenue; — across the bridge; — and by the mill. How deserted the road is to-night! We have not seen a single acquaintance except poor blind Robert, laden with his sack of grass plucked from the hedges, and the little boy that leads him. Little Jem guides Robert to the spots where the long grass grows, and tells him where it is most plentiful; and then the old man cuts it close to the roots, and between them they fill the sack, and sell the contents in the village. Half the cows in the street — for our baker, our wheelwright, and our shoemaker has each his Alderney — owe the best part of their maintenance to blind Robert's industry.

Here we are at the entrance of the cornfield which leads to the dell, and which commands so fine a view of

the Loddon, the mill, the great farm, with its picturesque outbuildings, and the range of woody hills beyond. It is impossible not to pause a moment at that gate; the landscape, always beautiful, is so suited to the season and the hour,—so bright and gay and springlike. But May, who has the chance of another rabbit in her pretty head, has galloped forward to the dingle, and poor May, who follows me so faithfully in all my wanderings, has a right to a little indulgence in hers. So to the dingle we go.

At the end of the field we come suddenly to the edge of a ravine, on one side fringed with a low growth of alder, birch, and willow, on the other mossy, turfy, and bare, or only broken by bright tufts of blossomed broom. One or two old pollards almost conceal the winding road that leads down the descent, by the side of which a spring as bright as crystal runs gurgling along.

The dell itself is an irregular piece of broken ground, in some parts very deep, intersected by two or three high banks of equal irregularity, now abrupt and bare and rocklike, now crowned with tufts of the feathery willow or magnificent old thorns. Everywhere the earth is covered by short, fine turf, mixed with mosses, soft, beautiful, and various.

The ground on the other side of the dell is much lower than the field through which we came. Now we seem hemmed in by those green cliffs, shut out from all the world, with nothing visible but those verdant mounds

and the deep blue sky; now by some sudden turn we get a peep at an adjoining meadow, where the sheep are lying, dappling its sloping surface like the small clouds on the summer heaven. Poor, harmless, quiet creatures, how still they are! Some socially lying side by side; some grouped in threes and fours; some quite apart.

Ah! there are lambs amongst them — pretty, pretty lambs; — nestled in by their mothers. Soft, quiet, sleepy things! Not all so quiet though! There is a party of these young lambs as wide-awake as heart can desire; half a dozen of them playing together, frisking, dancing, leaping, butting, and crying in the young voice, which is so pretty a diminutive of the full-grown bleat.

How beautiful they are with their innocent spotted faces, their mottled feet, their long curly tails, and their light flexible forms, frolicking like so many kittens, but with a gentleness, an assurance of sweetness and innocence, which no kitten, nothing that ever is to be a cat, can have. How complete and perfect is their enjoyment of existence!

Ah! little rogues! Your play has been too noisy; you have awakened your mammas; and two or three of the old ewes are getting up; and one of them, marching gravely to the troop of lambs, has selected her own, given her a gentle butt, and trotted off; the poor rebuked lamb following meekly, but every now and then stopping and casting a longing look at its playmates, who, after a

moment's pause, had resumed their gambols; whilst the stately dam every now and then looked back in her turn to see that her little one was following. At last she lay down, and the lamb by her side. I never saw so pretty a pastoral scene in my life.

From MARY RUSSELL MITFORD in *Our Village*

terminates	indulgence	diminutive
maintenance	intersected	pastoral

ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
    Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
    Mirth and youth and warm desire!
    Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
    Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON

THE DAISY

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run
Inwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page, — in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

perennial pensile floweret

FRANKLIN'S FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA

The following account is given by Benjamin Franklin of his first appearance in the city of Philadelphia. He was at this time seventeen years of age and had traveled nearly three hundred miles from his home in Boston in search of employment. His journey was far from being a pleasure trip, for he was young and poor and without friends, save those that he made by the way.

It is a very interesting account for two reasons. First, it gives us a strong picture of the humble condition of the boy, and second, it shows the courage he must have possessed to rise from such a beginning to the position of one of the first of all Americans. This boy who entered Philadelphia a poor stranger rose to the proud honor of being a signer of the Declaration of Independence for the state of Pennsylvania, governor of that state, and founder of the greatest institution to-day in Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania. The account takes up his journey after a night of illness.

"My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a

poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown.

He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life. He had been, I imagine, an ambulatory quack doctor, for there was no town in England, nor any country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but he was an infidel, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to turn the Bible into doggerel verse, as Cotton had formerly done with Virgil. By this means he set many facts in a ridiculous light, and might have done mischief with weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his home I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me until a

passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by traveling on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have me remain in that town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come.

However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning and landed at Market Street Wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in

my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging.

Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other.

Then I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father;

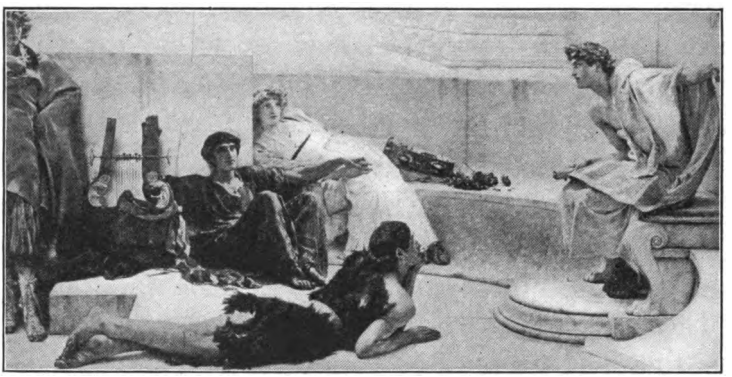
when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

employment	indentured	ambulatory
infidel	mortification	doggerel

A READING FROM HOMER



This picture is a copy of a famous painting by Alma-Tadema, an English artist. The story-teller is reciting the tales of Homer from the unrolled manuscript he holds, and his auditors show by their eager expressions how deeply interested they are in the stories of the Greek heroes. All the figures in the picture display the grace of form and the beauty of feature characteristic of the ancient Greeks.

Resting at one side is the musical instrument of the ancients called the lyre, which Homer used to accompany his reciting. After his death, other story-tellers wandered from town to town through the land of Greece, reciting or singing the stories of the master.

Homer lived so many hundreds of years ago that even the earliest Greek writers give no real information

concerning his life. But the story as handed down from age to age is as interesting as that of any legendary hero. He lived in the earliest ages of Grecian history. Scattered over the hills and valleys of Greece were towns and villages, some of which, as Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, became the famous cities of later days.

Homer was a poor, blind beggar who wandered over the hills and through the valleys singing and telling stories that will live forever. He was not always poor or blind, however. The story runs that during one of his journeys he happened to board a vessel which was manned by pirates. Homer did not suspect any danger until the ship was far out on the seas. Then the pirates, having destroyed his sight, robbed him and cast him on a lonely shore. After many sufferings the blind man succeeded in reaching a town where the people heard his story and cared for him.

Although blind and penniless, Homer did not despair. Before misfortune came upon him, he had collected many of the wonderful stories of the ancient Greek heroes. These he now wove together and, traveling from place to place, recited them to his countrymen.

In those days there were no books, and the people listened with delight to the wonderful tales. As Homer continued to relate his stories, he gradually clothed them in the most beautiful poetic language. Wherever he stopped crowds came to hear him, and his tales were learned by others. Among these were some who could

recite and accompany themselves on the lyre. Finally the stories were copied by some of the early Greek writers.

Life in the days of Homer was rude and simple. The people of Greece and Asia Minor were divided into many tribes or petty states, each having its chief or king. Many of these states boasted of a certain splendor or power. The martial spirit was cultivated to a great extent, and feats of arms and other warlike sports were encouraged among the youth of the land. Courage and endurance and love of country were presented as the highest ideals. The customs of such an age were necessarily primitive; faithfulness to duty, honor to the aged and to the brave, kindness to him who begged for aid, — these were regarded as the highest virtues.

Though two thousand years and more have passed since the blind poet lived, every library of any size contains copies of his poems, and they have been translated into all languages of the civilized world. These poems live in the form of two great collections, called the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The *Iliad* tells of the deeds of the Greek warriors at the siege of Troy, an ancient city of Asia Minor. The bravery of the heroic defenders of their city is also celebrated in the poem. The *Odyssey* tells of the wanderings and adventures of Ulysses, one of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks, who took part in the siege.

manuscript auditors pirates

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES — I

When the city of Troy had been destroyed, the hero Ulysses started on his long journey back to the land of the Greeks. His home was in Ithaca, where he was king, and his ten years' absence had made him all the more anxious to return to his palace and his people.

Above all, Ulysses longed to see again his beloved wife, Penelope, and his son, Telemachus. When he had started for the Trojan War his boy was but a child, and now he hoped to find him a youth strong and noble as a Greek prince should be. But the Fates had decreed that the father was to wander long and suffer much, ere he saw home or wife or child again.

In the second great poem of Homer, the *Odyssey*, the poet describes the wanderings and adventures of Ulysses during the ten years that passed from the day he left Troy until he reached Ithaca. He had passed safely through all dangers, and once more found himself within his palace walls, but his dress was that of a beggar, not of a king. His wife and son had long given up hope of seeing him again, and at the very moment of his arrival, many princes of neighboring cities were striving for the hand of his queen.

Ulysses first saw his son, Telemachus, and after many proofs that could not be denied, he was received by the young man as the father whom he had mourned as dead.

From Telemachus Ulysses learned that the suitors for the hand of Penelope were of overbearing manner, and that they and their servants filled his palace night and day. Ulysses urged his son to keep his return secret until such time as he could prove to all that he was the king. He longed for the time when he might punish those presuming suitors, who had worried his dear wife and son, and treated with violence his own beloved people.

At last the day had arrived, and in preparation Telemachus had collected all the armor and lances in the palace. These he had the servants clean and brighten, and when all was ready he piled them up by the door that opened into the great dining hall of the palace. A feast had been prepared, and with daylight a vast crowd of the suitors and their followers filled the hall.

Some wondered at the glittering array of armor and weapons which lay in heaps by the door. To all that asked, Telemachus made reply that he had caused them to be taken down in order to cleanse them of the rust and stain which they had contracted by lying so long unused — ever since his father Ulysses left for Troy. This story satisfied the crowd and they sat down to the feast in disorder and violence.

Ulysses, still dressed as a beggar, had a seat assigned him near the door, and the proud suitors insulted him with words and actions, for they did not see why a beggar should eat with them. Only one of all that concourse

spoke kindly to Ulysses. This man, Philaetius by name, coming up to Ulysses, took him by the hand (with a kind of fear) as if touched with imagination of his great worth, and spoke thus to him, "Hail! father stranger! my brows have sweat to see the injuries which you have received, and my eyes have broken forth in tears when I have thought that, such being often the lot of worthy men, to this fate Ulysses may even now be reduced, and that he may be wandering from place to place as you do."

This kindness only made the others more violent and insulting to the supposed beggar, until another one among them arose and warned them of the dread happenings that might befall them if they did not desist from their cruel insults. "Ah, wretches," he said, "what madness has seized upon you that you can thus revile this man? See you not that a night like the night of death wraps you about, and blinds you to your danger?"

The other guests mocked at his fears, and one, bolder than the rest, said, "This man is surely mad; conduct him forth into the market place and set him in the light, for he dreams 't is night within the house." At this the man who had spoken, seeing that he could not repress the ill treatment, rose from the table and left the hall, while those that remained fell to feasting.

decreed	weapons	assigned
presuming	concourse	desist

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES — II

Among the pile of weapons was a bow which Ulysses had left behind when he started for Troy. It had lain by since that time, out of use and unstrung, for no man had strength to draw it save Ulysses himself. And now Telemachus proposed that all present should try to draw Ulysses' bow; to the victor he promised that his mother, Penelope, should be given in marriage — Ulysses' wife, the prize to him who should bend the bow of Ulysses!

Penelope now came into the hall, and never had she appeared more beautiful. She had come to confirm her son's promise, saying,

> "Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
> And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
> Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
> For him forsake this loved, this wealthy dome,
> Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
> And still to last, the vision of my night!"

When those present arose to praise her loveliness, she sadly said, "The gods have taken my beauty from me since my lord went to Troy."

And then she departed with her maids from the hall.

The bow was brought and the mark set up by Telemachus. Lord Antinous, as chief among the suitors, had the first offer, and he took the bow, and, fitting an arrow to the string, strove to bend it. But not with all his

might and main could he even once draw together the ends of that tough bow; and when he found how vain a thing it was to draw the bow of Ulysses, he stopped, blushing for shame and anger. Then, one after another, the others tried to draw the bow, but it only tore and strained their hands and fingers.

At last Ulysses prayed that he might try, but the guests all cried out against him, saying it was an insult that an old beggar should seek to contend with them. But Telemachus ordered that the bow should be given to the beggar, and that he should have leave to try since they had failed.

"For," said he, "the bow is mine to give or to withhold," and none dared oppose the prince.

Then Ulysses gave a sign to his son, and Telemachus commanded the door of the hall to be made fast, and all wondered at the orders, but none could divine the cause. And Ulysses took the bow in his hands and examined it to see if it were still strong. At this the others laughed and said the old beggar was trying to see through the wood of the box.

When at last he was satisfied that it was still strong, with ease did he draw to the head the string of his own tough bow, and in letting it go, it made such a shrill noise as a swallow makes when he sings through the air. When the others saw this,

> A general horror ran through all the race,
> Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.

Then Ulysses fitted an arrow to the bow, and drawing it to the head, he sent it right to the mark which the prince had set up. He called to Telemachus, who, arming himself with sword and lance, rushed to his father's side. The beggar's robes fell from the shoulders of Ulysses and he stood before all in his kingly likeness. Then he and his son with the dreadful bow and with sword and lance attacked their enemies in that hall, nor did they desist until they had laid them at their feet. Thus did Ulysses punish the wrongs and insults that were done to him and his people in his own home.

In the meantime certain of the queen's household had gone to Penelope and told her that her lord had returned and had slain her suitors. But when they said that the beggar whom she had seen in the hall was Ulysses, she thought they did but mock her. By this time Telemachus and his father had come to where the queen was talking with her maids. At first she could not believe it was her own dear husband and king returned after twenty years' absence. But Telemachus cried out against his mother's doubts, and Penelope mistrusted no longer and ran to Ulysses and fell upon his neck, crying, "I yield! I yield! my own Ulysses lives!"

Adapted from CHARLES LAMB

divine yield proposed

A COUNTESS AND A KING

In the year 1346 Werk Castle was defended by the celebrated Countess of Salisbury, in the absence of the earl, her lord. This lady, sprung from the blood royal, and the fairest of the age, was not so much elevated above all womankind by her illustrious birth and unparalleled beauty as by the natural dignity of her spirit and the greatness of her virtues.

Towards the close of an afternoon in the summer time, while tree and town were bright in the setting sun, and rivers here and there still sparkled in his level beam, as the countess was walking on the castle walls, attended by her maidens, she beheld the spears of an approaching army over a neighboring wood, glittering and glancing to and fro, as they came forward, like streamers beyond the northern clouds.

Having no apprehension of the enemy being so near, though she had in the course of the day heard that the Scots were returning home, she was at first greatly alarmed at the appearance of such a formidable array; but soon collecting the strength of her lofty character, she ordered the servants and soldiers in the castle to arm themselves and man the walls, resolved not to surrender without proving the valor of her garrison.

Thus was the Scottish king frustrated of the expectation he had formed of taking the castle by a sudden

assault; for as he approached the walls he saw every battlement and turret clustered with warriors; the lady herself, in a white robe, was seen moving among them, and often with uplifted arm kindling their manly courage by the bravery of her feminine exhortations.

King David, being determined to take the castle, ordered his men to invest it on all sides; and he summoned the countess by sound of trumpet to surrender.

Her answer was a defiance, which she delivered herself from the wall to the Scottish king in person.

"This," said she, "is a lady's bower, which may not be uncourteously entered."

"I am loath," replied the young king, "to disturb the gentle pastimes of a lady's bower; but it is now eventide, and we have come far to-day; in sooth, fair lady, we would roost with you to-night, and it were to save ruder parley to give us let at once to partake of your good cheer."

"I doubt not," said the countess, with a smile, "you have come far and fast too, for it is rumored that King Edward is behind you."

The king turned round to certain of his lords who were standing by, and said:

"By our Lady, her fare lacks no sauce." He then spoke to her again.

"The night comes apace, madam; I beseech you to open the gates."

"I am grieved to seem so lacking in hospitality, but the gates of this castle cannot be opened from within. When my lord left, he turned the keys on the outside; and unless your Highness can undo the locks, I fear the sky to-night must be your tester."

"Say you so in earnest, lady?"

"In right good earnest, please your Highness."

"Shall we be baffled by this termagant?" cried the king, somewhat chafed to be so calmly defied; and he thereupon presently turned himself to order the soldiers to come up. In a moment the countess waved her hand towards a band of archers who were standing on a battlement behind that portion of the curtain wall where this parley was held, and they leveled their bows.

Some of the Scottish nobles who were near the king, seeing the jeopardy in which he was so suddenly placed, stepped in between him and the castle, and spread their shields over him just as the bowmen drew their strings.

The shafts rattled harmless on the shields, and some of them were shivered by the shock, but none did any detriment.

The countess laughed, and called aloud to the king, for the encouragement of her own men, who were all fired with her bravery, "The gray goose wing is a sorry supper, but there is no better cheer for your Highness in Werk."

The Scottish archers, however, did not long leave her to triumph in that sort. Seeing the danger in which their king stood, they came briskly forward, and, drawing their arrows to the head, daunted the lady's bowmen, for her sake, exposed as she was on the castle wall, from repeating the shower till his Highness was removed beyond their reach. This was, however, but a brief pause, for the lady again bade her men shoot, and fear not for her. Whereupon, what with the dust that rose from the dinting of the shafts on the walls and towers, together with the hail of arrows flying between the archers of the garrison and the assailants, the castle appeared as if it had been shrouded in mist.

Little blood was pierced on either side by this waste of quivers; but in the meantime some of the Scottish soldiers had hewn down several large trees and were bringing their trunks up for battering-rams, which the countess observing, ordered a great fire of all sorts of beams and brands to be kindled in the court of the castle, and when the Scots came with their engines under the defenses of the gates, she caused the burning faggots and rafters to be so hurled upon them that many threw down the huge timbers to save themselves, and thereby so crushed the feet and limbs of their fellows that on all sides frightful yells, and the cries of burnt and wounded men were heard amidst the shouts and confusion of fighting.

By this time the darkness of the night added to the terrors of that storm of wrath and weapons. The flames of the great fire within the court of the castle, rising red and high, shed a wild and dismal splendor on the towers, while the walls without were all in the blackness of shadow.

Then might you have seen the combatants: those of the castle were like dingy Moors, the light striking on their backs, their weapons flashing like torches round their heads as they ever and anon stooped forward to strike down the assailants; the Scots, with their upturned faces brightened by the light, appeared like fiery demons climbing and scaling out of the abysses of darkness; and the Lady Salisbury was seen standing on the corner of a tower like a bright and blazing beacon, which from some tall and leeward cliff overlooks the rage and weltering of the breaking waves.

The Scottish king, seeing that the castle was not to be so easily won as he had expected, after several vain attempts to burn the gates, called off his men for the night, resolved to renew the assault in the morning, thinking by that time the countess, having had leisure to reflect on the unequal odds with which she was contending, might be more disposed to treat with him. But what he regarded as the weakness of the fortress, a woman governor, proved its best strength; for her constancy of purpose and singular magnanimity did so

animate and encourage the garrison that the meanest servitor of the hall was as lordly in the bravery of his resolution as the proudest noble that sat at supper with the king.

Before the morning, however, news arrived that the English army was fast approaching, and the Scottish nobles, still anxious to preserve the spoil of Durham, instead of consenting to renew the attack, spoke only of returning home. In vain did the youthful son of the heroic Bruce remind them of the glories of their fathers' valor, their own hardiment, and the dishonor of making themselves, by avarice, so like fugitives before their ancient enemies; but all heroism was absorbed in their gain, in so much that, about noon, when King Edward arrived at Werk, he found no other traces of the Scottish army there than the broken weapons of the over-night assault — the trunks of the trees which had been felled for engines — and here and there bodies of the few who had been slain in the conflict.

JOHN GALT

illustrious	garrison	rumored
apprehension	frustrated	termagant
formidable	feminine	detriment
abysses	magnanimity	fugitives

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE

THE TORTOISE

A land tortoise, which has been kept for thirty years in a little walled court belonging to the house where I am now visiting, retires under ground about the middle of November and comes forth again about the middle of April.

When it first appears in the spring it discovers very little inclination towards food, but in the height of summer it grows voracious, and then, as the summer declines, its appetite declines; so that for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly eats at all. Milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, sow thistles, are its favorite dish. In a neighboring village one was kept till, by tradition, it was supposed to be an hundred years old, — an instance of vast longevity in such a poor reptile.

On the first of November I remarked that the old tortoise, formerly mentioned, began to dig the ground in order to form its hybernaculum, which it had fixed on just beside a great turf of hepaticas.

It scrapes out the ground with its fore feet, and throws it over its back with its hind feet, but the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour hand of a clock.

Nothing can be more assiduous than this creature, night and day, in scooping the earth, and forcing its great body into the cavity; but as the noons of that season proved unusually warm and sunny, it was continually interrupted

and called forth by the heat in the middle of the day; and though I continued there till the thirteenth of November, yet the work remained unfinished. Harsher weather and frosty mornings would have quickened its operations.

No part of its behavior ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings and running its head up in a corner.

If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather glass; for as sure as it walks elate, and, as it were, on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in a morning, so sure will it rain before night. It is totally a diurnal animal, and never pretends to stir after it becomes dark.

I was much taken with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity, but remains inattentive to strangers.

Thus the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude.

GILBERT WHITE in *Natural History of Selborne*

longevity	assiduous	benefactress
torpid	diurnal	sagacity

WASHINGTON AND THE SPY — I

This selection is taken from *The Spy*, a tale of the Revolution, by James Fenimore Cooper.

The hero, Harvey Birch, is employed by the patriots to discover the plots of their enemies, and, if possible, to forestall them. His efforts have been of great service to Washington and his men, and the tale deals with the spy's daring deeds and narrow escapes from capture.

At last, his work finished, he is sent for by General Washington to receive his merited reward. The selection describes what took place in the apartment of the general, who had placed the greatest trust and confidence in the honor and loyalty of The Spy.

On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat, and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude, like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence, the aid-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length the general raised his eyes, and spoke in those low, placid tones that seemed natural to him.

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

"He waits the pleasure of your excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aid bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the

apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the general, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed, when he spoke to himself in an undertone: "To-morrow we must raise the curtain, and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, towards which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments, which seemed more calculated for disguise than comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary.

A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and, opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

The peddler dropped the folds of the greatcoat that concealed his features, and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head upon his bosom, he said meekly, "If it be your excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold, it has become my duty to know many men, who, like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me. You alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend not only their fortunes but their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect, in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then continued: "I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause, and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me, and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom, until it reached the highest point of elevation; a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks, and, as the officer concluded, it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services; hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one — I wish not to

undervalue your dangers. Here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

aid-de-camp placid divulge

WASHINGTON AND THE SPY — II

The peddler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker; but, as the other held forth the money, he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the general, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does your excellency think that I have exposed my life and blasted my character for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no, — not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer, and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued: "There are

many motives which might govern me, that to you are unknown. Our situations are different: I am known as the leader of armies, but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years — perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past; what have you to subsist on?"

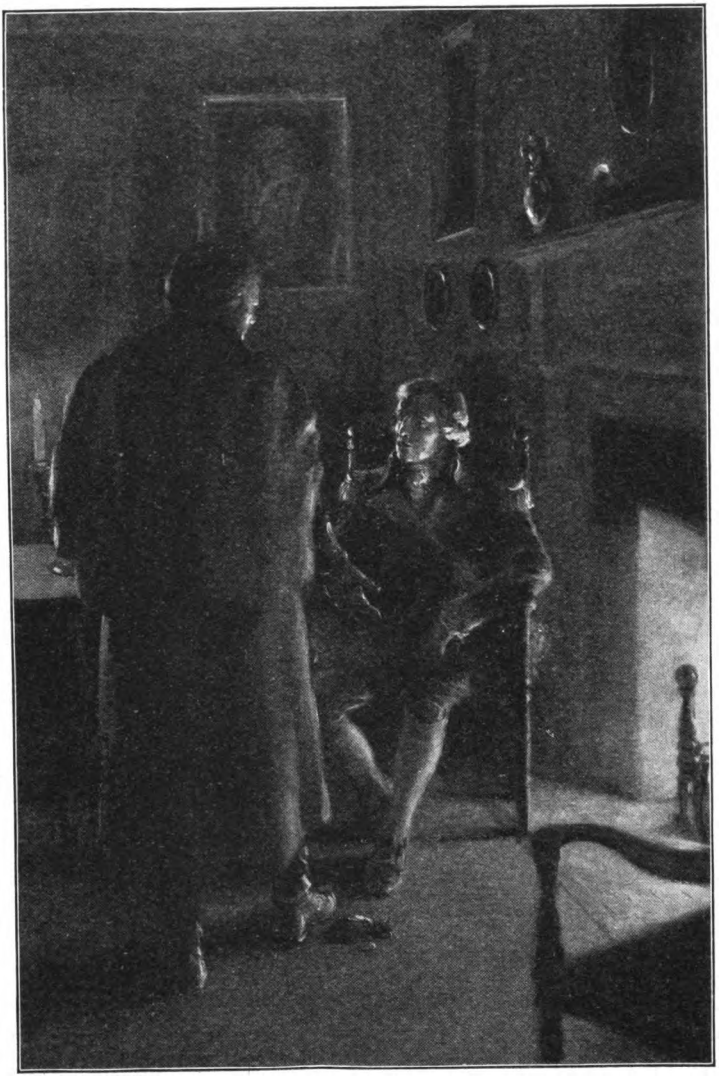
"These," said the peddler, stretching forth his hands, that were already embrowned with toil.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are much esteemed in life depend on your secrecy. What pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "tell them that I would not take the gold!"

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend;



fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey; "so long as God gives me health and honest industry I can never want in this country; but to know that your excellency is my friend is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER in *The Spy*

fidelity benevolence reputation

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in *Othello*

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
in *The Building of the Ship*

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

At a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness beneath the shadow of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the sawmill or the trip hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bearskin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp fire, and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of careless, hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war whoop.

This was the gymnastic school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battlefield through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets; the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences, miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

There is preserved among the papers of Washington a letter written to a friend while he was engaged on his first surveying tour, and when he was consequently but

sixteen years of age. "Your letter," says he, "gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received mine of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles."

If there is an individual in the morning of life who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor, let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghenies in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire in a settler's log cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for his doubloon a day, is George Washington; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of united America; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterward to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country!

For three years was the young Washington employed the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation;

and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose:

> To exercise him in the wilderness;
> There shall he first lay down the rudiments
> Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
> To conquer!

EDWARD EVERETT, from oration on
The Life and Character of Washington

adolescence	theodolite	rudiments
surveyors	gymnastic	detestable
laborious	impoverished	doubloon

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE FOUR MACNICOLS — I

The four MacNicols lived at Erisaig, a fishing village in the north of Scotland. Robert, the eldest, was an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; Duncan and Nicol were Rob's younger brothers, and Neil was their orphan cousin.

Their father, a hand on board the steamer *Glenara Castle*, had but small wages. It was all he could do to pay for the boys' lodging and schooling, leaving them pretty much to hunt for themselves as regarded food and clothes. Their food, mostly porridge, and fish of their own catching, cost little; and they did not spend much money on clothes.

Nevertheless, for various purposes, money was necessary to them; and this they obtained by going down in the morning when the herring boats came in and helping the men to strip the nets. The men were generally tired out and sleepy with their long night's work. They were glad to give these lads twopence or threepence apiece to undertake the labor of lifting the nets out of the hold and shaking out the silvery fish.

And when they had shaken out the last of the nets and received their wages, they stepped ashore with a certain pride; and generally they put both hands in their pockets, as a real fisherman would do.

On the whole, it was an idle, careless, happy life that they led up to the time that their father was drowned.

That was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol. It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life, and amid his sorrow for the loss of his father, Rob felt that now he must care for his two brothers and his cousin.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay for the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

"Neil," said Rob, "if we only had a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?"

And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying in the shed?"

And again he said, "Do you think that Peter, the tailor, would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers, Duncan and Nicol.

It was determined, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing rods and betake themselves down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile he himself went along to the shed which was used as a sort of storage house by some of the

fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside.

Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose, and these he carried home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be got about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the castaway netting.

In this extremity Rob thought of rigging up a couple of guy poles, as the salmon fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view, so that these guy poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon, for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles, and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicols were busy fishing.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small cod, a large flounder, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob got hold of these, washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

He felt no shame in trying to sell fish. Was it not the trade of the whole village? So he walked into the grocer's shop.

porridge extremity seine

"Will you buy some fish?" said he. "They're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer, severely, "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else besides flying a kite."

"I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob; "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer; and then he added, with a good-natured laugh, "Are you going to be a fisherman, Rob?"

"I will see," said Rob.

So he had his ball of twine, and a very large one it was.

Off he set to his companions. "Come away, boys; I have other work for you."

Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob affixed his guy poles, and the lads went to the grocer and got from him a lot of old rope, on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul.

Then Rob proceeded to his fateful interview with Peter, the tailor, who agreed to let them have his boat for a

shilling a week. Rob went back, eager and joyous. Forthwith a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads; they tested the oars, they tested the thole pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom.

At last they were ready and went out to try their luck. So successful were they, and so eagerly did they work, that when the coming darkness warned them to return they had the stern of the boat about a third full of very fair-sized saithe.

When they got into the slip Neil at once proceeded to inform the inhabitants of Erisaig that for sixpence a hundred they could have fine, fresh cuddies. The sale of the cuddies proceeded briskly. Indeed, when the people had gone away again, and the four lads were by themselves, there was not a single cuddy left except a dozen that Rob had put into the water, to be given to the grocer in the morning as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

"What do you make it altogether?" said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

"Three shillings and ninepence."

"Three shillings and ninepence! Man, that's a lot! Will you put it in the savings bank?"

"No, I will not," said Rob. "I'm not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round, and sinkers, too; and whatever money we can spare we must spend on the net."

It was wise counsel, as events showed. For one afternoon, some ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had been having varying success; but they had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the schoolmaster, and every farthing beyond those necessary expenses they had spent on the net. They had replaced all the rotten pieces with sound twine; they had got new ropes; they had deepened it, moreover, and added some more sinkers to help the guy poles.

Well, on this afternoon Duncan and Nicol were pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fishermen call "broken water" — a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

"Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring. Shall we try for them?"

interview saithe briskly

THE FOUR MACNICOLS — III

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

Rob undid the rope from the guy pole and got this last ready to drop overboard. They came nearer and nearer

that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it, and Rob quietly dropped the guy pole over.

Then the three lads pulled hard, and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy pole. The other guy pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a few minutes Rob had caught this first guy pole; they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere, and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

"Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them, but they're in the net. Man, I wonder if it will stand."

Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told. The question was not with regard to the strength of the net; it was rather with regard to the strength of the younger lads; for they had succeeded in inclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat. But even the strength of the younger ones seemed to grow into the strength of giants when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver.

And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the

warning cries of Rob; the clatter made by the mackerel; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side!

When that heaving, sparkling mass of quicksilver at last was captured, shining all through the brown meshes of the net, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through and happy.

"Man! Rob, what do you think of that?" said Neil in amazement.

"What do I think?" said Rob. "I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall's boat and go after the herring."

They had no more thought that afternoon of "cuddy" fishing after this famous take, but rowed back to Erisaig; then Rob left the boat at the slip and walked up to the office of the fish salesman.

"What will you give me for mackerel?" he said. The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

"I'm not buying mackerel," said he; "not by the half dozen."

"I have half a boat load," said Rob.

"Well, I will buy the mackerel from you," he said. "I will give you half a crown the hundred for them."

"Half a crown!" said Rob. "I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them."

"I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price, too."

"Very well, then," said Rob.

So the MacNicols got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

It is to be imagined that after this they kept a pretty sharp lookout for "broken water"; but of course they could not expect to run across a shoal of mackerel every day.

However, as time went on, with bad luck and good, and by dint of hard and constant work, whatever the luck was, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased, and at last Rob announced to his companions that they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat. This was accordingly done after a great deal of bargaining.

thwarts possibility exhausted

THE FOUR MACNICOLS — IV

These MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in Erisaig. The audacity of four boys setting up to do business on their own account had at first amused the neighbors, but their success and their conduct generally soon raised them above ridicule.

One day, as Rob was going along the main street of Erisaig, the banker called him into his office.

"Rob," said he, "have you seen the skiff at the building yard?"

"Yes," said Rob, rather wistfully, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's a splendid boat."

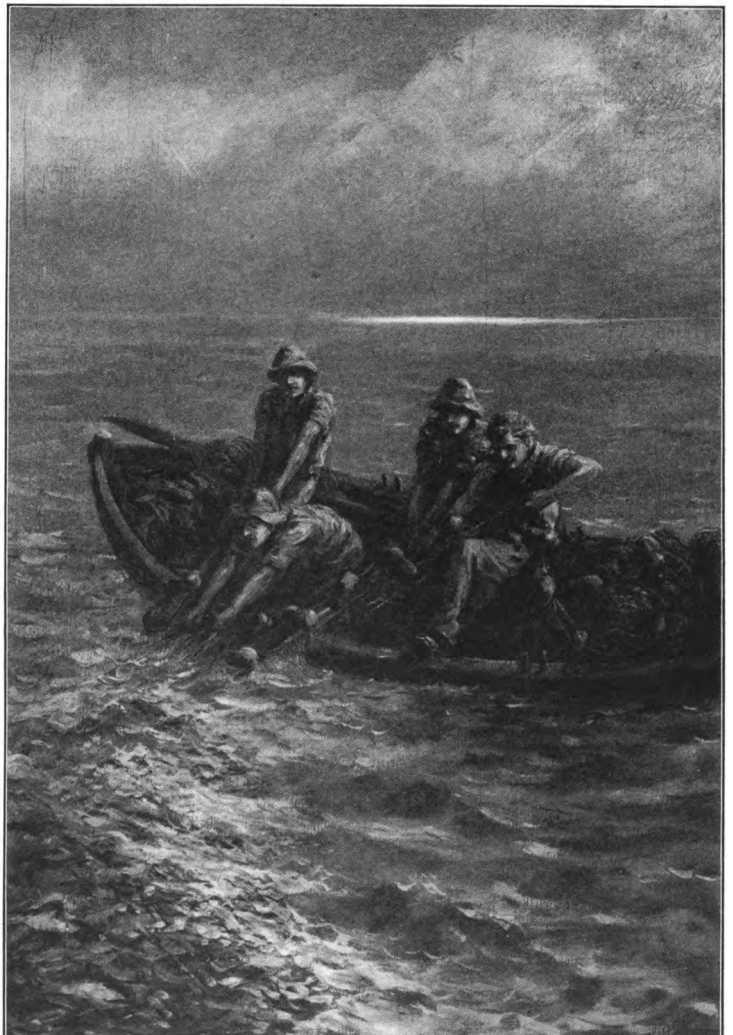
"And you've seen the new drift net in the shed?"

"Yes, I have that."

"Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built and the net bought as a kind of speculation. Now I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are sober and diligent lads, and that you are good seamen, and careful. Then you have been awhile at the herring fishing yourself. Now do you think you could manage that new boat?"

In his excitement at the notion of being made master of such a beautiful craft, Rob forgot the respect he ought to have shown in addressing so great a person as the banker. He blurted out, "Man, I would just like to try!"

"I will pay you a certain sum per week while the fishing lasts," continued Mr. Bailie, "and you will hire what crew you think fit. Likewise, I will give you a percentage on the takes. Will that do?"



Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was: "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?"

And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig that no other than Rob MacNicol had been appointed master of the new skiff, the *Mary of Argyle*, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

Rob, having sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oilskins for his companions; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked smart enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the *Mary of Argyle*.

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board with the lazy indifference of the trained fisherman very well imitated, and took his seat as stroke oar. The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the *Mary of Argyle* went away across the shining waters with the long white oars dipping with the precision of clockwork.

At the mouth of the harbor Daft Sandy rowed his boat right across the path of the *Mary of Argyle*. Daft Sandy was a half-witted old man to whom Rob had been kind.

"What is it you want?" cried Rob.

"I want to come on board, Rob," said the old man as he rowed his boat up to the stern of the skiff.

"Rob," said he in a whisper, as he fastened his boat, "I promised I would tell you something. I'll show you how to find the herring."

"You!" said Rob.

"Yes, Rob, I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that not any one in Erisaig knows — that not any one in all Scotland knows."

He begged Rob to take him for that night's fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen; this sign that the old man had discovered went to show the presence of large masses of fish, stationary and deep; it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air bubbles.

He was sure of it. He had watched it. It was a secret worth a bank full of money, and again he besought Bob to let him accompany him. Rob had stopped the lads when they were throwing herring at him; Rob alone should have the benefit of this valuable discovery of his.

Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but he could not resist the old half-witted creature. So they pulled him in and anchored the boat; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea. There was no sign of any herring; no breaking of the water; and none of the other boats, as far as they could make out, had as yet shot their nets.

audacity percentage precision

THE FOUR MACNICOLS — V

The night was coming on and they were far from Erisaig, but still old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the surface of the water as though he expected to find pearls floating there. And at last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of minute air bubbles rising to the surface of the sea.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said in a whisper, as though he were afraid the herring would hear. "Go deep, deep, deep."

To let out a long drift net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair; but to haul it in again is a hard task; and when it happens to be laden, and héavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a break-back business for four young lads.

But there is such a thing as the nervous, eager, joyous strength of success; and if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Daft Sandy was laughing all the while.

"Rob, my man, what do you think of the air bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell any one but yourself, Rob?"

Rob could not speak; he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. There was not a breath of wind; they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise. When at length they reached the quay, the people were all about. The lads were tired out, but there were ten crans of herring in the boat.

Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans, the *Mary of Argyle* had ten crans — as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. Sometimes they had good luck and sometimes bad luck; but always they had the advantage of that additional means of discovering the whereabouts of the herring that had been imparted to them by Daft Sandy.

And the last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought the *Mary of Argyle* and her nets from the banker; that they were building a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill about Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was about to become a sort of general major-domo, — cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

WILLIAM BLACK

congratulated fathoms additional

A GALLANT CHARGE

The morning of July 1, 1898, opened hot and cloudless for the American army that was investing the old Cuban city of Santiago. On the preceding afternoon word had passed through the lines that the forward movement against the defenses of the city would begin with the rising sun, and preparations were made accordingly. The troops knew that a long and desperate struggle must ensue before the defenses could be taken, but all were eager for the advance.

Between the troops and the city were several hills, deeply wooded at their bases, bare on their slopes, and protected by rifle trenches and breastworks. Lines of barbed wire had been strung from trees and brush across the narrow trails, and on the hilltops were blockhouses defended by some of the best soldiers of the Spanish army.

The attack was to be made in two divisions, one composed of infantry, and the other of cavalry. The cavalry division consisted of two brigades of three regiments each. One of these brigades was formed of two regiments of United States Regulars and the First Volunteers, otherwise known as the Rough Riders. As their commander, Colonel Wood, was acting as general of the brigade, the Rough Riders on this memorable day were led by their lieutenant colonel, Theodore Roosevelt.

This regiment of volunteers was remarkable in many respects. Hundreds of its rank and file were from the southwestern states, where as cattlemen, hunters, and miners they had learned to face perils and to suffer hardships without flinching. A number of half-breed Indians had also enrolled, and their skill as riders and sharpshooters made them peers of the white troopers from the frontier. Most of these men had seen service in the Indian or border warfare of the Southwest.

In addition the regiment numbered scores of young men from the eastern states. Many of these had made reputations as famous athletes, while others had known only the life of ease and pleasure. And now they were to get their first real experience of battle, but there was no wavering or hesitation in their lines. The opportunity had come to show their loyalty in the face of danger, and they followed eagerly the lead of their gallant commander, Colonel Roosevelt.

When the order came to advance, the sun was beating down with the fierce heat of the tropics. The forward movement was slow, for the rough nature of the country and the barbed-wire obstructions compelled the troopers to move as infantry. The Spaniards had already opened fire, and as their artillery was posted on higher ground, and their sharpshooters were protected by covered rifle pits and other defenses, the Americans suffered severely in the first hours of the day.

As the Rough Riders neared the San Juan River which flowed at the foot of the hills, the fire from the enemy became hotter and more deadly, and the troops crossed to the other side as quickly as they could. Here they found themselves in a dense wood of trees and underbrush. Through this jungle the men moved along a narrow sunken lane. When they reached the foot of Kettle Hill a halt was called. This name was given to the hill on account of a huge iron caldron found on the summit after the charge. Here many of the bravest of the Rough Riders fell while waiting anxiously for the order to advance.

At last the bugles sounded the charge, and the men dashed forward. The bullets from the enemy on the brow and sides of the hill swept through their ranks like a driving hailstorm, and dozens fell on every side. But nothing now could stop that charge of cheering, shouting troopers. Soldiers and officers from different companies and regiments mingled and fought side by side. Regulars and volunteers, cowboys and college athletes, Indians and white frontiersmen, all were Americans following the same flag and fighting for the same cause.

The heat was intense, and as the troops struggled up the hill even the best of the athletes showed the effects of the strain. The machine guns of the Spanish artillery maintained an incessant rattling fire, and the volleys of the infantry became more furious. The ranks of the

climbing troopers thinned out, but these gallant Rough Riders with their colonel ever in the lead swept on to victory. At the same time the men under General Hawkins were fighting their way up the neighboring hill of San Juan.

When the Rough Riders reached the crest of Kettle Hill they saw that the infantry were attacking a blockhouse on the summit of San Juan. The cavalry joined in the fire, and then dashed down through the valley in their front. The Spanish, driven from their trenches, fell back to the second range of hills, where they continued to do great damage.

Colonel Roosevelt, who had been compelled to turn his horse loose long before the troops reached the brow of Kettle Hill, led his force in a last desperate charge. His command now included men and officers from every one of the six cavalry regiments. Over the rough ground, in the face of a deadly fire, the men pressed on. Nothing could withstand that dashing attack, and the Spanish, driven from their defenses, retreated towards the city.

The battle was won, and Kettle Hill was held by the Americans. As the infantry had carried the blockhouse on San Juan, the star-spangled banner waved proudly in the setting sun, where dawn had found the Spanish colors.

athletes regiments artillery

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?

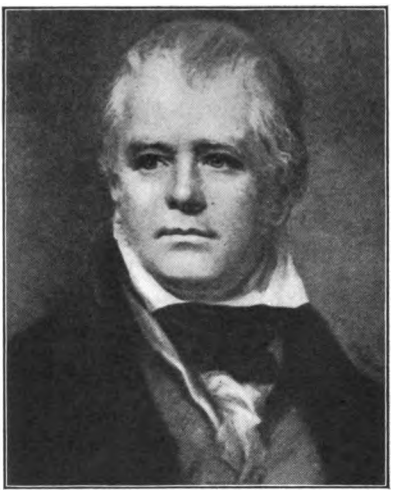
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "*In God is our trust*,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

On July 16, 1906, the Secretary of War issued an order to the Army of the United States to this effect: "At every military post or station the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of the reveille, or of the first note of the march, if a march be played before the reveille. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of the retreat, and while the flag is being lowered, the band will play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

ramparts havoc pollution



SIR WALTER SCOTT

The last and greatest of the Border Minstrels, as Walter Scott has been called, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 15, 1771. Through both father and mother he was connected with some of the ancient families of his native land, and he has celebrated in verse the fame and achievements of his ancestors. In early childhood, as a result of a severe fever, he lost the use of his right leg. Every effort was made to cure the affliction but without success, and his lameness continued through life.

Walter Scott's youth was passed amid scenes of the early struggles between the Scots and the English of

the border counties and between the clans of the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland. While his affliction debarred him from many of the sports of boyhood, it probably led to an early love for reading and a genuine appreciation of good literature.

After a preparatory training at home he entered the high school of Edinburgh, where his good nature and ready imagination made him very popular. Day after day, during the winter play hours, he would gather around the fireside an admiring audience of his classmates and hold them with his tales of the border wars. Despite his lameness he was fond of walking, and as his general constitution became stronger he explored the country round about for miles. He loved the hills and lowlands of his native land, and one of his greatest pleasures through life was to visit romantic scenery and the ruins of castles where his heroes had lived.

From the high school Scott entered the university. His love of reading had grown with his years, and his favorite book was the collection of ballads of the border compiled by Bishop Percy. Speaking of this collection, Walter Scott says: "I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus tree in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor in the garden.

"The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the

hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet.

"To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school fellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

Scott's father was an attorney-at-law, and it was his ambition to have his son follow the legal profession. Walter's studies at the university were therefore selected with this end in view, but in the intervals of school hours the young man found his greatest pleasure in books of history, poetry, and romance. Long journeys in the country continued to be his favorite exercise, and, lame though he was, he often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day.

Graduating from the university at the age of twenty-one, Scott entered upon the practice of law. He was one of the popular young men of his native city, and probably would have made a great success had he devoted all his energy to his profession. But his heart was not in the law and he gradually turned with ardor to his literary pursuits. His first attempts at poetry were translations and original ballads of border minstrelsy.

In 1805 *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published, and its immediate success decided that literature was to be the future life work of Walter Scott. As poem after poem appeared, his fame grew until he was recognized as one of the great poets of his age. But his genius was not alone that of a poet. When he turned to prose he produced a series of novels which rank among the world's greatest stories.

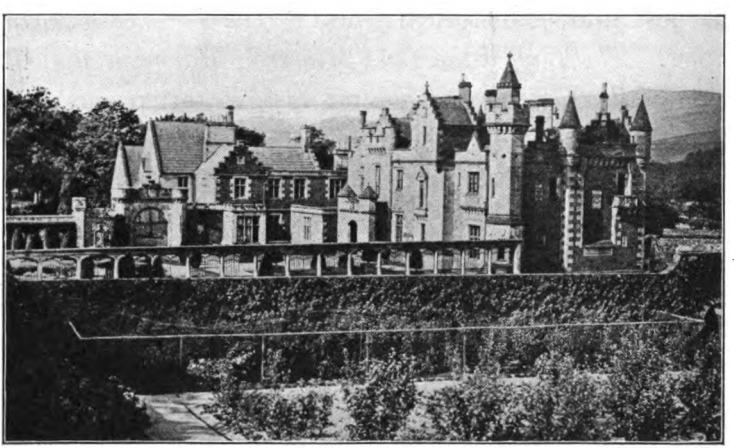
These works of fiction, about thirty in number, are known as the Waverley Novels. They include such famous stories as *Waverley*, *Kenilworth*, a story of the time of Queen Elizabeth, *Ivanhoe*, a story of Richard the First of England, *The Talisman*, a story of the Crusades, *Quentin Durward*, the story of a brave young Scot at the court of Louis XI of France, *Guy Mannering*, and *Old Mortality*. His best known historical work is *The Tales of a Grandfather*. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake* are considered his greatest poems.

A few years after his marriage Walter Scott became a secret partner of a publishing house and continued as such for over twenty years. But the business was not well managed and the company failed. Scott was ruined by this failure, but with a brave heart he turned to the writing of books as a means of raising money to pay his debts. He devoted all his energy to this end, and in two years he was able to pay back two hundred thousand dollars of the money his firm owed. This was the work

of a noble and honest character, but the strain was too severe and he died at his beautiful home, Abbotsford, about six years after the failure. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey, one of the historic places of Scotland.

As poet and novelist he is noted for his stirring narration of deeds of chivalry and adventure. The scenes of these events, the historic localities of England, the lake and mountain scenery of Scotland, are all described with a master hand. He loved the past, and his stories often bring that past with all its romance clearly before us. At the height of his fame the king honored him with a title, but no king could bestow a greater honor than Walter Scott had already attained by his writings.

energy attained achievements



ABBOTSFORD

THE RETURN OF CHARLES THE SECOND

All England was engaged in chorusing his favorite ditty —

> Oh, the twenty-ninth of May,
> It was a glorious day
> When the king did enjoy his own again.

On that memorable day the king prepared to make his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial as made him say gayly, it must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy. On horseback, betwixt his brothers, the dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch rode slowly over roads strewn with flowers, by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry.

There were citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains; some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen, who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace. On his progress through Blackheath he passed that army which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. As the king passed the last files

of this formidable host, he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to congratulate him as he passed towards the capital.

There was one group, however, which attracted peculiar attention from those around, on account of the respect shown to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation; for both the elder and younger gentlemen of the party had been distinguished in the Civil War.

It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face and a tear swelling to his eye as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, "God save King Charles!" His cheek was ashy pale, and his long beard bleached like the thistle down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that its vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grandchildren, or asked a question of his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty, or of Colonel Everard, who stood behind. There, too, the stout yeoman, Joceline Joliffe, still in his sylvan dress, leaned, like a second Benaiah, on the quarterstaff that had done the king good service in its day, and his wife, a buxom matron as

she had been a pretty maiden, laughed at her own consequence, and ever and anon joined her shrill notes to the stentorian halloo which her husband added to the general acclamation.

Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings, while Alice, assisted by Wildrake (blazing in a splendid dress, and his eyes washed with only a single cup of canary), took off the children's attention from time to time, lest they should weary their grandfather. We must not omit one other remarkable figure in the group, — a gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, being perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old. But though exhibiting the ruin only of his former appearance, his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic, hobbling gait, the noble hound had lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master. To lie by Sir Henry's feet in the summer, or by the fire in the winter, to raise his head to look on him, to lick his withered hand or his shriveled cheek from time to time, seemed now all that Bevis lived for.

Three or four liveried servants attended to protect this group from the thronging multitude; but it needed not. The high respectability and unpretending simplicity of

their appearance gave them, even in the eyes of the coarsest of the people, an air of patriarchal dignity, which commanded general regard; and they sat upon the bank, which they had chosen for their station by the wayside, as undisturbed as if they had been in their own park.

And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet — onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognized among the spectators, and the shouts of the bystanders applauded a courtesy which seemed so well timed. But when he had gazed an instant on the party we have described, it was impossible, if even Alice had been too much changed to be recognized, not instantly to know Bevis and his venerable master.

The monarch sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat — "Bless," he said, "father — bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger."

"May God bless — and preserve," muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings; and the king, to give him a few moments' repose, turned to Alice —

"And you," he said, "my fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night walk? But I need not ask," glancing round — "in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. — A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king! — Colonel Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall?" Here he nodded to Wildrake. "And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarterstaff with one hand sure? — Thrust forward the other palm."

Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the king, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the king filled with gold coins. "Buy a headgear for my friend Phœbe with some of these," said Charles; "she, too, has been doing her duty to Old England."

The king then turned once more to the knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head towards him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation —

> Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
> And welcome home again discarded faith.

Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured king said, speaking with unusual distinctness to insure the old man's comprehending him: "This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational that mischievous lad is become since his travels."

So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man's hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew; Sir Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat and muttered the *Nunc Dimittis*.

"Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords," said the king, as he mounted his horse; "indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough to little purpose. Move on, sirs."

The array moved on accordingly; the sound of trumpets and drums again rose amid the acclamations, which had been silent while the king stopped; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion was so splendidly dazzling that even Alice's anxiety about her father's health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry she was

startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some color during his conversation with the king, had relapsed into earthly paleness; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired in one exhilarating flash.

The rest must be conceived. I have only to add that his faithful dog did not survive him many days; and that the image of Bevis lies carved at his master's feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley.

From Sir Walter Scott in *Woodstock*

chorusing	inferior	interminable
unanimously	complacent	stentorian
conduits	acclamations	patriarchal
embarrassing	rigidity	exhilarating

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not with the rising sun
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit all renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE LAST MINSTREL

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,

Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

orphan carolled unpremeditated

THE NEW SOUTH

A master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war, — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as

surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his home in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence, — the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air, and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill, — a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his

or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand, which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave, — will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever."

HENRY W. GRADY

feudal	emancipation	enamored
status	inscrutable	omniscient

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have

a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

dedicated proposition consecrate

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in *The Merchant of Venice*

THE BATTLEFIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and arméd hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry,
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year,

A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

writhes endurance wield

FORESTS AND THEIR USES

Nearly all civilized nations are deeply interested in the questions of forests and forest preservation. In European countries especially, the science of forestry has reached a high degree of development as the result of long years of study, observation, and experiment.

Until recently the United States paid but little attention to this important subject. Before the westward march of civilization began — a century or more ago — great stretches of virgin forest covered many sections of our country. The white pine was found in New England, around the Great Lakes, and in all of that territory now known as the Northeastern States. An extensive forest of yellow pine covered the sandy belts along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The Mississippi valley contained the hard-wood forests of deciduous trees — principally ashes, oaks, hickories, and gums; and the Pacific coast forests produced the giant redwood tree and the valuable fir. These were the most important forest belts of the United States; though greatly diminished in extent, they continue to supply us with much of the timber used to-day.

The early settlers in America were forced to make clearings in the forest before they could build their homes or plant their crops. To them the forest resources of the newly discovered country were unlimited, exhaustless.

Valuable forests were destroyed without good cause, because the settlers gave no thought to their importance. Even in those early days, however, far-sighted men began to plan for the safety of the forest lands, because they recognized the necessity of preserving them for the good of the country itself. This thought grew slowly, but steadily. In recent years the government has taken the matter into careful consideration and has laid the foundations of a great national movement, which aims to preserve and enlarge forest lands. This is accomplished through the splendid work of the Department of Agriculture.

Forests are a source of great wealth to a country. They supply us with fuel and with timber, and they play an important part in the drainage of the land, as we shall see. Spring floods and summer droughts, which often bring destruction to great sections of country, have been traced more or less directly to the deforestation of neighboring mountain slopes. As an example, we may cite the disastrous floods which so often occur along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

When rain falls over a forest region, much of the water is caught and held by the leaves. A portion of this may reach the ground by dripping; a large part, however, evaporates, and thus increases the amount of moisture in the surrounding atmosphere.

The roots of the trees act as great sponges and slowly absorb the water which falls to the ground. Eventually

this water reaches the streams of the region,— the brooks and rivers; some of it may feed the springs and underground water courses. Forests thus prevent the direct run-off of the rain, and so tend to regulate the water supply of the neighboring streams. It has been noted again and again that the streams of a forested region have a fairly *constant* flow, and that washouts are far less common in the woods than in open places.

Now let us consider what occurs when rain falls over a tract of country denuded of its forest growth. As there are no roots to hold the soil together, heavy rains wash away great quantities of loose soil which is carried into the brooks and rivers, and finally deposited either in the bed of the stream or near its outlet. These soil deposits — usually composed of the richest portion of the soil — interfere with navigation and make dredging a necessity.

In a bare tract of country there is nothing to interfere with the direct run-off of the rain. As a result, immense quantities of water pour into the streams with great force in a short space of time, giving rise to floods, which often cause fertile lands to become barren.

In some regions forests are planted as safeguards against winds or floods or snowslides. Such forests have been called protective forests; they often regulate the water supply of large areas of lowlands, which are the sources of large streams.

Protective forests are usually found on steep mountain slopes or on bleak, open plains. In certain parts of the United States, — chiefly in the West, — the planting of such forests is one of the leading questions of the day.

Let us turn our thoughts now to the individual members of the forest, — the trees.

The tree obtains most of its food from the ground; the numerous tiny root hairs absorb water, which holds mineral substances in solution. When any part of a tree is burned, the mineral substances remain in the form of ashes.

The leaves take in carbonic-acid gas from the air. The gas is decomposed into carbon and oxygen; the carbon is retained by the plant, and the oxygen set free again into the air. Oxygen is the gas most needful to the life of man.

How does a tree grow? The newer twigs grow by a kind of stretching. In the older parts of the tree growth takes place in a different way, — the new material is deposited in rings or layers between the old wood and the bark. Each branch follows the same method of growth out to the place where the season's new twig began to develop. As long as a tree is growing, a new layer of wood is formed outside the one last formed. By counting the rings in a cross section of the trunk we can tell the age of the tree. Each branch bears a record of its age in the scars left by bud scales and leaves.

In some trees — oaks, for example — the wood becomes darker in color and harder in texture as time goes on. Its cells become clogged so that sap can no longer flow through them. We say that the sapwood has been transformed into heartwood. The former absorbs water more readily than the latter and is therefore more liable to decay.

Oak wood is coarse-grained and often full of holes; but its fibers are tough, hard, and durable. The oak is probably our most important hard-wood tree, where strength and durability are in demand. Oaks are found in most of our forests east of the Rockies.

Japan is said to be the home of the maples, many species of which are now native to America. The hard or sugar maple is one of our most beautiful shade trees, as well as a valuable timber tree. It is a large, graceful tree of slow growth. The delicious maple sugar and maple sirup are made from its sap.

The pines furnish us with more lumber than all other trees together. The wood is soft and of straight grain, and therefore easily worked; it is also sufficiently strong and durable for many purposes. Certain species of pine yield turpentine and resin in addition to timber. Commercially regarded, the pine is our most valuable tree.

deciduous	exhaustless	deforestation
eventually	denuded	durability

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here 's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There 's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains:
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
  Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
  Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
  And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
  To be tossed on the stormy sea.

HENRY F. CHORLEY

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smoldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
  While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
  And the red sparks lit the air.
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,
  For he fashioned the first plowshare.

CHARLES MACKAY in *Tubal Cain*

THE TEMPEST

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, named Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady.

They lived in a cave or cell, made of rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of Sycorax.

Prospero found this Caliban in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing. He took him home to his cell and taught him to speak, and would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave,

to do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel, who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's, would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape into the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever he neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father!" said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no

person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think not, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero. "Tell me what you can remember."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered: "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda; "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so indeed he proved. I, neglecting all worldly ends, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular

awakened in his bad nature an ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father!" said Miranda; "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero; "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners, and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch, Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born?"

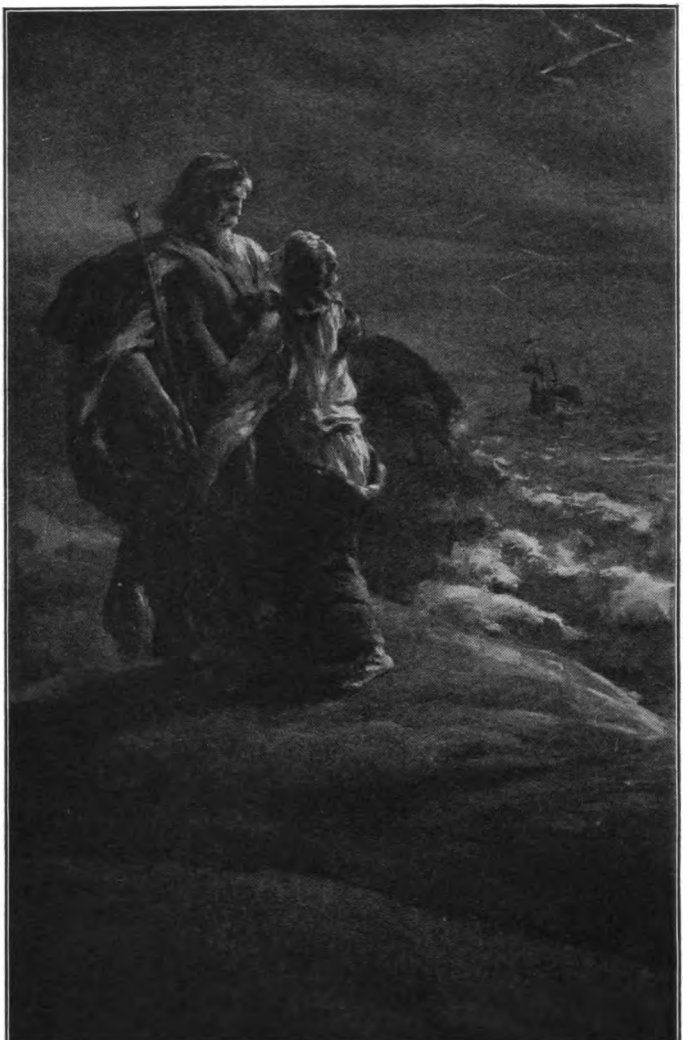
"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful. "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free."

He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.



"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

He then began singing. Ferdinand followed the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me, what are you looking at yonder?"

"O father," said Miranda in surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place; and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered that she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of

herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he; "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of corn shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and he drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said the father. "What an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban. This he said to prove his daughter, and she replied: "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand, astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined; he soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said. Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command that she did so. Prospero smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, she replied: "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But I fear I talk too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish."

Then Ferdinand, in another fine, long speech, told Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And you, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared before them in the shape of a harpy, and the feast vanished. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his daughter to perish, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done, and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him to perish in an open boat in the sea. Terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too," and opening a door, showed him his son playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda; "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling; "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

And then Prospero embraced his brother, and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from Milan, that his daughter might inherit the

crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words so filled Antonio with shame that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set the cave in order.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite, "I shall miss you, yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful

spirit; and then master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of his art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor, on their return to Naples; at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

CHARLES and MARY LAMB
in *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*

ambition execute vexatious

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in *The Tempest*

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in *Henry VIII*

APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AUTHORS

Joseph Addison, one of the eminent writers of his age, was born in England in 1672 and died in 1719. After graduation from Oxford University, he traveled for several years through Europe. On his return to England he entered public life and held in succession many high offices under the government.

His most successful work is the collection of essays which he contributed to the *Spectator*, a periodical published by his friend Richard Steele. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley, portrayed in the most popular of these essays, has been accepted as the highest type of gentleman. These essays did much to arouse a popular interest in literature. Among other writings of Addison are the tragedy of "Cato" and a poem, "The Campaign." His remains rest in Westminster Abbey, the greatest honor the English nation can pay to its master minds.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1832. Her father was a brilliant scholar and most successful teacher. Miss Alcott taught for a brief period and then decided to make literature her life work. At the outbreak of the Civil War she felt it her duty to do what she could for the sick and wounded soldiers. Accordingly she went to Washington and offered her services as a nurse. In 1863 she published an account of her experiences in *Hospital Sketches.*

Miss Alcott's best work is to be found in her stories for children — notably in *Little Men* and *Little Women.* These books show how deep was her interest in the lives of boys and girls.

Her characters are real children such as one meets with every day. In *Little Women* the author describes the scenes and events of her own home life, the character of Jo being a portrayal of herself. The death of this brilliant and popular writer occurred in 1888.

William Black, a popular novelist, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841 and died in 1898. As a young man he sought the opportunities offered by a great city and removed to London. He was a lover of outdoor life, and his stories abound in beautiful descriptions of natural scenery. He published in all some thirty novels, the most successful dealing with the life and scenery of his native Scotland. Some of his most popular stories are *A Daughter of Heth, A Princess of Thule, Madcap Violet,* and *Macleod of Dare.*

William Cullen Bryant, the American poet of nature, was born in Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and died in New York City, June 12, 1878. His father was a country physician of education and considerable means, and the boy was sent to Williams College, but did not complete the college course. Returning to his home, he continued his studies, and in 1815 was admitted to the practice of law. But his love for literature was to be the inspiration of his life work, and four years before his admission to the bar he had written his "Thanatopsis." This poem, written in his seventeenth year, is considered by many Bryant's masterpiece. It was inspired by his love for the woods and his interest in the teachings of nature.

After the publication of his first volume of poetry Bryant moved to New York and engaged in editorial work. He rose to the position of editor of the *Evening Post* and became a leader in the literary life of the great metropolis. Among his most popular poems, in addition to "Robert of Lincoln" and "Thanatopsis," are "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "The Death of the Flowers," "To a Waterfowl," "To the Fringed Gentian," and "The Battlefield." His translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are considered masterpieces of poetic translation.

Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, was born January 25, 1759. His father, though a poor struggling farmer, managed to afford his boy opportunities for education, and young Robert divided his time between the labor of the field and the training of the country schoolmaster. At fifteen the future poet was doing a man's work in the field, and his first verses, composed as he toiled by day, were copied at night by the light of his candle.

At twenty-five Burns determined to try his fortunes in America, and to raise the necessary funds he published his first volume of poems. At once his genius was discovered and he was induced to go to Edinburgh, where he was received as the great poet of his native land. He tired of this life and again tried farming, but the venture proved a failure and Burns abandoned it for town lodgings. His fame as a poet continued to grow, but unfortunately so did his debts, and he died discouraged at heart July 21, 1796.

No other poet has found a wider circle of admirers among rich and poor, learned and unlearned, than Bobby Burns. One of his longer poems is "The Cotter's Saturday Night," a beautiful tribute to the honest peasant class from which the poet sprang. Another long poem is "Tam O'Shanter," which Burns considered his greatest effort. Among the most popular of his short poems are "Highland Mary," "Man was made to Mourn," "Is There for Honest Poverty," and "To a Mountain Daisy." Many of his poems are written in the Scotch dialect, which renders them difficult of understanding by English readers. Exquisite descriptions, tender sympathy, and beautiful imagination are characteristics of his poetry.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London, June 22, 1788. As a boy he experienced little of that kindness and love which children usually find in their home life, and which are so necessary for the development of character. From infancy he was afflicted with a deformed foot, which rendered him particularly sensitive to criticism. When he reached the age of ten he fell heir to the title of Lord Byron and the beautiful Newstead Abbey.

He spent a few years at Cambridge University, where he achieved no success as a scholar. His first poem, "Hours of Idleness," written about this time, was bitterly criticised, and Byron answered his critics with the famous satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In 1809 he started on his travels through southern Europe, and on his return published two cantos of his greatest poem, "Childe Harold." Some years later the poet left England never to return. He lived for several years in Italy and then sailed for Greece, where his death occurred in 1824. He had become the champion of the Greeks in their struggle for independence, and his last energies were devoted to this noble cause.

In addition to "Childe Harold" Byron wrote "Don Juan," "Cain," "Manfred," and "The Corsair." These are only a few of his great poems. Despite his bitter experiences, he exhibits at times a tender pathos, as in his "Maid of Athens" and "The Isles of Greece." He was a master of rhyme, and his stanzas are marked by unfailing symmetry.

Henry F. Chorley, an English author, was born in 1808 and died in 1872. He was an accomplished musical critic and wrote several novels, dramas, and poems. One of his best known books is *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections.*

William Collins, an English poet, was born in 1721 and died in 1759. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and the boy was educated in Winchester College and Oxford. Owing to his impatient and unhappy disposition, the young man did not finish at the university. His best known poem, "The Passions," would have been sufficient to mark him as a poet of high rank. His life was a struggle against misfortune. He could not keep out of debt, and, never strong physically, his mind failed under the strain, and his last years were passed in the care of his sister.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in 1789 and died in 1851. His boyhood home was near Otsego Lake on the border of the great

forest where the present Cooperstown, New York, is located. It was a common occurrence in those days for the Indians to come in from the hunt to trade with the whites, and the boy listened to many tales of adventure and daring as they were recited by the hunters and trappers of the neighborhood. Young Cooper spent three years at Yale College, and later, having obtained a commission as a midshipman, followed the life of a sailor for a short time.

After his marriage he settled down to farming as an occupation, but his heart was in his literary work. His pictures of Indian life and traits are carefully drawn, and he covered in his stories both the sea and the forest. One of his earliest novels was *The Spy*, considered by many the best story of the Revolution. Other popular stories are *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*, and *The Prairie*. He also wrote an excellent *History of the Navy of the United States*. In all Cooper published over thirty stories, the best of which are marked by originality of invention and clear and powerful description.

Allan Cunningham, a Scotch poet, was born in 1784 and died in 1842. He had little schooling, and as a lad of eleven became a helper to his brother who was a stone mason. He drifted to London in early manhood and began to write for magazines. He published several volumes of poetry and a *Life of Robert Burns*, the poet having been his father's neighbor. His poem "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" is one of our finest sea songs.

Richard Henry Dana was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815 and died in 1882. Owing to a weakness of the eyes, young Dana was compelled to discontinue his studies at Harvard. He had early developed a love for the sea, and he was permitted by his family to embark as an ordinary seaman for a voyage round Cape Horn. The youth entered on his work with a cheerful heart, and followed the life of a common sailor without complaint. His experiences are described in *Two Years Before the Mast*, one of the most popular stories of sea life ever written. On the completion of

his trip he reëntered Harvard and was graduated in 1837. After graduation he entered on the practice of law, in which profession he attained great distinction.

Daniel Defoe, one of the first great English writers of fiction, was born in London in 1661 and died in 1731. Having received a good education, young Defoe embarked in business but was not successful. He then became active in public affairs, and later served for some time as a soldier. He published several works, but it was not until the publication of *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719 that he attained fame. This book met with immediate success and retains to this day its great popularity. It has been translated into every language of the civilized world, and there are few schoolboys in England or America who have not read the story of Robinson and his man Friday.

George Eliot was the pen name assumed by Mary Ann Evans, who was one of the remarkable women of English literature. Her writings include poems, philosophic essays, and novels, but her fame as a writer rests principally upon her success as a novelist. She was born in the north of England in 1819 and died in 1880. Her father was a man of some prominence in his county, and the girl received a fair education in private schools. She was a good scholar, and early acquired a knowledge of English literature and the French and German languages.

Miss Evans was a careful observer of life and character, and a diligent literary worker. Her novels are ranked among the classics in English fiction. They include the pathetic story of *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, and *Middlemarch*. Faithful descriptions of the scenes and personages of English country life and close analysis of the characters in her stories are characteristics of her work.

Edward Everett was born in Massachusetts in 1794 and died in 1865. After graduating from Harvard he studied for the ministry

and became pastor of a church in Boston. He resigned this ministry to accept the professorship of Greek in his alma mater. Though not much more than a boy in years, his scholarship and eloquence had already made his name known to the people of his native state. He held many positions of great distinction, including those of governor of Massachusetts, president of Harvard University, and senator of the United States. He is considered one of the great orators of our country, and few men in our history have left a higher record as scholar and statesman.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. At ten years of age the boy left school to become an assistant to his father, a tallow chandler in poor circumstances. At twelve he was apprenticed to his brother in order to learn the printers' trade. In 1723 Franklin settled in Philadelphia after a journey described in part in the selection from his autobiography. In 1732 the first issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac* was published. This publication was continued for more than twenty-five years, and so great was its popularity that it has been translated into almost every foreign language that boasts of a literature.

Franklin's marked ability made him a leader of the colonists in their disputes with England on the subject of taxation. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and during the Revolution did great service for his country as its representative at the French Court. During this period his reputation as a distinguished philosopher secured his election to most of the learned societies of Europe. At the close of the war Franklin returned to take part in the constitutional convention, and later he was chosen president (governor) of Pennsylvania. As a heritage for future generations he founded the institution which has since become the great University of Pennsylvania. His death occurred in 1790.

John Galt was born in Scotland in 1779 and died in 1839. He was the author of many novels, some of which deal with incidents of the struggles between the English and the Scotch of the border

countries. Two of his most successful books are *The Annals of the Parish* and the *Last of the Lairds.*

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father, who was the poor "Village Preacher," could afford little for his son's education. At the village school the boy was often the object of ridicule because of his seeming stupidity. Later in private schools he was more successful, and finally entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he worked as a servant to help pay expenses. His college experiences were very unhappy, and after graduation he returned to his widowed mother. He tried teaching but failed, and we find him next studying medicine at Edinburgh.

At the end of a year he left the university and started for the continent, where he led a roving life as student and adventurer. For two years, with little more than a beggar's possessions, he tramped through Europe. On his return to England he started on his literary career, but his improvident nature always kept him on the verge of poverty. In 1764, after eight years of struggles and failures, he published "The Traveller." This poem made his name famous, but the fame brought him little money. Next he published "The Vicar of Wakefield," one of our greatest stories. Then appeared "The Deserted Village," which was followed in a few years by his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

In 1774, at the height of his literary fame, Goldsmith died. Through all his works, prose or poetry, sympathy for his fellows is marked. His poems are noted for their delicate fancy and their pathos. His descriptions of scenes and peoples that he knew are beautiful and true. His verse is simple and graceful and his prose natural. He was the greatest Irish writer of his century, and the wonder is that with all his misfortunes he could have exhibited such a genial spirit in his work.

Henry W. Grady, a famous orator and journalist, was born in Georgia in 1851. He was educated at the university of his native state, and after graduation became editor of the *Atlanta Constitution,*

one of the great journals of our country. He contributed many articles to magazines and delivered several eloquent orations on conditions in the Southland that he loved. His fame as an orator became national with the delivery of his oration on "The New South" in New York City in 1886. He died in 1889, and left a name honored and loved by his countrymen.

Robert Greene was born in 1560 and died in London in 1592. He was educated at Cambridge University, and then spent several years in travel. On his return to England he published many plays, poems, and prose compositions. As a poet and dramatist he is considered one of the greatest of that group of brilliant writers that appeared just before and during the period of Shakespeare.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, an English poetess, was born in Liverpool in 1793 and died in 1835. When Felicia was a child of seven her father removed with his family to Wales, making his home in an old house by the seashore. In this secluded spot, her only companions being her brothers and sisters, the girl grew to womanhood. But she was a precocious child and a diligent scholar, and at fourteen published a volume of *Juvenile Poems.* Her marriage in 1812 to Captain Hemans proved an unhappy experience, and when her husband left England the cultured, gentle woman turned with a brave heart to the work of bringing up her five sons. She was an industrious literary worker, and some of her poems are popular favorites to-day, as "The Treasures of the Deep," "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," "The Homes of England," and "Casabianca."

Thomas Hughes was born in England in 1823 and died in 1896. His father was a clergyman in Berkshire, and the boy early learned to love the beautiful country about his home. He was educated at the famous Rugby School and Oxford University. While best known as an author, he was a successful lawyer and for many years served his country as a member of Parliament. His *Tom Brown's School-Days* is considered the most popular tale of school life ever written.

Tom Brown at Oxford continues the story of his hero through the university. Other books by the same author are *Alfred the Great* and *Vacation Rambles.*

Thomas Jefferson holds a much more distinguished place in the history of his country than in its literature. He was the author, however, of one composition, the Declaration of Independence, which alone would have served to immortalize his name. Jefferson was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 13, 1743. He was educated in public and private schools, and at the College of William and Mary. Shortly after his admission to the bar he was chosen a member of the House of Burgesses, and from this time he was engaged in a life of political activity, which made his name famous first in his native state and later throughout the thirteen colonies.

In 1775 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress and acted as chairman of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence. With a few slight exceptions Jefferson was the author of this, the greatest paper in the history of freedom. During the Revolution Jefferson was at all times active in the cause. After the establishment of peace he received many marks of honor from his countrymen, and was twice chosen President of the United States. His death occurred on July 4, 1826, and on the same day John Adams, his predecessor in the office of President, passed away.

Francis Scott Key was born in Maryland in 1780 and died in 1843. During our second war with England Mr. Key was United States Attorney at Washington, and in 1814, when the British fleet attacked Baltimore, he was sent with a flag of truce to one of the enemy's war ships. He remained on board during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and all through the night awaited the result with an anxious heart. When the morning sun showed the Stars and Stripes still floating above the fort, his joy inspired him to write the words of the great national hymn.

Charles Kingsley, an English writer, was born in 1819 and died in 1875. He was educated for the ministry at Cambridge University, and after graduation settled in Hampshire, England. His two great stories are *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia.* The former is a vivid description of the adventures of the English navigators in the Spanish Main; the latter describes the scenes and incidents of life in Alexandria, Egypt, in the fifth century. He was a great lover of outdoor life, and his landscape descriptions and accurate nature studies are noted. He wrote *The Water Babies,* one of the most popular fairy stories of our language, and was also the author of many pamphlets on public questions, and some excellent poetry.

Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775 and died in 1834. He was educated in the famous Christ's Hospital School, and at the age of fifteen took a position as clerk. He had no desire for social pleasures, spending all his spare time in reading and study. His one dear friend through life was his sister Mary, with whom he shared his literary ambition. There was insanity in the family, and at twenty-one the young man was placed in an asylum for a brief period. Shortly after this the sister was stricken with acute mania, and for a time it was necessary to keep her in close confinement, but later she was placed in the charge of her brother.

The loving devotion of Lamb to his sister is one of the beautiful passages in the history of English literature. Despite this sad personal history, Charles Lamb in his essays shows great power as a genial humorist and fanciful writer. His works include the *Essays of Elia, Tales from Shakespeare,* written in partnership with his sister, and the *Adventures of Ulysses.* Two of his best known essays are "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" and "Dream Children, A Reverie," one of the most tender pieces in literature.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His youth was passed in the humblest surroundings. He had little or no schooling, and the few books that came into his hands were eagerly read. When he grew to manhood his father moved to

Illinois where the young man engaged in various occupations, such as rail splitter, farmer, flatboatman, and storekeeper. Finally he studied law and was elected to the State Legislature, entering on that public life which was to prove the most remarkable in the history of our country.

His story belongs to our nation's history rather than to its literary life, and Abraham Lincoln stands as the highest type of development in American character. As such, his life should be an inspiration to every youth who considers lack of opportunity an obstacle to success. His speech delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg in 1863 is considered one of the masterpieces of American oratory. Lincoln fell, the victim of assassination, April 14, 1865, at the beginning of his second term as President of the United States, and his death was a nation's loss.

George Lippard, an American writer of stories and sketches, mostly historical in character, was born in 1822 and died in 1854. His descriptions of scenes and characters of the War of Independence are noted for their realism. Two of his most popular books are *Washington and his Generals* and *Legends of the Revolution.*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father was Judge Stephen Longfellow, and his mother was the daughter of Peleg Wadsworth, Adjutant General of Massachusetts during the Revolution. As a boy Longfellow was quiet and studious, and was especially interested in the writings of Washington Irving. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, and after four years of hard work was graduated with distinction in the class with Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In 1826 Longfellow was offered a professorship at Bowdoin, but before assuming the position he spent nearly two years abroad in travel and study. The impressions resulting from this experience were later embodied in his prose works, *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion.* In 1834 he was appointed to the chair of languages at Harvard, which position he held for twenty years.

His home at Cambridge was the famous Craigie House, which had been used by General Washington as his headquarters after the battle of Bunker Hill. Among Longfellow's best known poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Building of the Ship," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and "The Psalm of Life."

George William Curtis says of Longfellow: "He is the poet of the household, of the fireside, of the universal home feeling. The tenderness, the patience, the pathos, and the beauty of daily life, of familiar emotions, of the common scene — these are the significance of that verse whose beautiful and simple melody, softly murmuring for more than forty years, made the singer the most widely loved of living men."

Longfellow died in March, 1882, and the English nation paid its tribute of love and honor by placing his bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

James Russell Lowell, a great American poet, prose writer, and orator, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819 and died in 1891. He was graduated from Harvard University at nineteen, and shortly afterward published his first volume of poetry. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of literature at his alma mater, and later edited the *Atlantic Monthly.* In 1877 he was appointed by the President as United States Minister to Spain, and a few years later went to England in the same capacity.

Some of his best known works are *Among my Books, My Study Windows,* and *The Biglow Papers.* The first of *The Biglow Papers* appeared at the breaking out of the Mexican War, and a second series was published during the Civil War. Under the guise of humorous descriptions of Yankee character he displayed a deep sense of patriotism. He published several volumes of poetry, his most ambitious poem being "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Guy de Maupassant was born in France in 1850 and died in 1893. He published ten collections of short stories, which are considered classics in this field of literature. His stories deal with all phases

of city and country life. He aimed at the portrayal of life in all its reality, but his stories are too frequently descriptive of the sad phases of human experience to be popular with the young.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, known to literature as Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana in 1841. When he was about twelve years old his parents moved to Oregon, and the boy grew up with the life of the new West. He was a miner, and later lived with the Indians on the Pacific coast. His poems are marked by an original and romantic flavor, and the best are descriptive of western life and scenery. In 1870 he went to England, where he published his *Songs of the Sierras.* He has lived for many years in California.

John Milton was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died in 1674. His father was a man of means and considerable musical ability. This love of music was inherited by young Milton, and it undoubtedly exercised great influence on his future work. At school he was noted as a handsome, scholarly youth of retiring disposition. After graduation from Cambridge University, where he had won a distinguished place for learning, he entered on his literary life. When about thirty years of age he traveled through southern Europe and met some of the great scholars of his age.

On his return to England Milton entered heartily in the great movement of the commons against the king, and after the execution of Charles I he held high office in the government of Oliver Cromwell. He was a most industrious worker, and the strain on his eyes caused his total blindness at forty-three. After Cromwell's death Milton's enemies returned to power, and the blind poet and scholar came near to ending his life on the scaffold.

Some of his principal poems are "Lycidas," an exquisite lament for the loss of a friend by drowning, "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." If Milton had written nothing else of poetry, the beauty of verse and the richness of imagination displayed in these poems would have brought him fame. But it was his "Paradise Lost," written in the days of his misfortune, that raised him to a

place among the world's greatest poets. There is nothing in the whole range of literature more sublime in conception or nobler in expression than this epic of the fall of man.

Mary Russell Mitford, an English authoress, was born in 1787 and died in 1855. Her early life was rendered unhappy by the spendthrift habits of her father, and Miss Mitford became the main support of the family. Finally reduced to poverty, the family took a small cottage near the village of Reading. Here, day by day, Miss Mitford studied the life about her and published her observations in *Our Village.* Her descriptions are so true to life and nature, and her sympathy with the humble folks about her so sincere, that the book ranks as one of the English classics.

James Montgomery was born in Scotland in 1771. His father was a preacher, and the boy was sent to school to prepare for the church. But poetry rather than religion won his interest, and he left his studies to seek employment. After some severe experiences he became a journalist in the city of Sheffield, where he died in 1854. He published several volumes of poems and hymns, some of which have remained popular to this day.

Thomas Moore, one of the great poets of Ireland, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779. Though his father was a tradesman in humble circumstances, the boy was able to finish his education at Trinity College, the famous seat of learning of his native city. At nineteen he went to London and published a translation of the Greek poet Anacreon. This was the beginning of a brilliant literary career, which only terminated with his death in 1852.

Sympathy with the struggles and misfortunes of his countrymen, admiration of their valor, and love of their music and poetry are characteristics of much of Moore's work. We find a kindness and genial humor in his songs, a love for the right, and a constant opposition to injustice and oppression. His Irish melodies remain among the most beautiful lyrics in literature. As a man he was loved by

a large circle of friends, and his name was the most honored in his native island. His longest poem is "Lalla Rookh," a beautiful poetic romance of the East, and his principal prose works include the lives of Sheridan and Lord Byron and *The Epicurean.*

William Paley was born in England in 1743 and died in 1805. He was educated at Cambridge, and after graduation became a tutor in the university. Later he entered the ministry, and his writings deal mainly with religion and philosophy. The selection used in this book is taken from his greatest work, *The Natural Theology,* in which he aimed to prove the existence of God from the facts and appearances of nature.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. His father was a glover in fair circumstances; his mother, Mary Arden, was descended from a good old Warwickshire family. A writer of a hundred years ago has said: "All that is known with certainty about Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, and married there; went to London as an actor and wrote plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

There is considerable truth in this statement. We have little *definite* knowledge concerning the early life of England's greatest literary genius. With his brothers William attended the free grammar school of Stratford. Just what he studied there is somewhat uncertain, but, judging from what was taught in schools of a similar type, we may safely say that his education included some Latin and perhaps less Greek. Somewhere he also acquired a very good knowledge of French and a little Italian. Evidently he was a lad who kept his eyes open to all about him — to men, to sports, to nature. Of this fact his plays furnish abundant proof. His language abounds in similes taken from hunting, from the habits of dogs, horses, and birds; and his descriptions of natural scenery cannot be surpassed.

Shakespeare married at an early age and shortly after went to London, where he became interested at once in the theater. His

industry was marvelous. He wrote sonnets, poems, plays. His plays number about thirty-seven and include histories, comedies, tragedies. In his writings Shakespeare shows a knowledge of and an insight into human nature that have never been equaled. His characters are as real to-day as they were at the time of their production. A few of his best known plays are *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III*, *Henry VIII*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. Shakespeare is recognized as a genius the world over. His death occurred in April, 1616, and succeeding generations of English and Americans have vied with each other in honoring the greatest name in English literature.

Charles Sumner, an American statesman and orator, was born in 1811 and died in 1874. He received his education at Harvard University, and within a few years after his graduation achieved a distinguished name in the legal profession. In 1851 he was chosen a United States senator from Massachusetts, which position he held to the time of his death. On July 4, 1845, he delivered an oration at Boston on "The True Grandeur of the Nations." This was an eloquent protest against the evils of war, and it received widespread attention in the United States and Europe. In 1856 he was the victim of an unfortunate attack made on his person in the senate chamber, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

Bayard Taylor was born in Pennsylvania in 1825 and died in 1878. His boyhood was passed on a farm, but he was an ambitious student and succeeded in completing a high-school course. His first volume of poems was published before he reached his twentieth year. Two years were then spent in travel, and his experiences appeared later in a book entitled *Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff*. In 1878 he was appointed Minister to Germany, where his death occurred within a year. His literary work included descriptions of travel in central Africa, India, China, Japan, Greece, and Russia, a few novels, and several volumes of poetry.

Jane Taylor was born in London in 1783 and died in 1824. She came of a literary family, her father and brother both having made reputations as artists, authors, and preachers. With her sister Ann, Miss Taylor produced several volumes of poetry for children. Their *Rhymes for the Nursery* contained among other popular poems of childhood the favorite "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest English poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century, was born in Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. His father was the rector of the village church, and the boyhood of the future poet was passed in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. In 1826, when Tennyson was scarcely more than a boy, he published, in partnership with his brother Charles, a volume of poems entitled *Poems by Two Brothers.* Later he entered Cambridge, but left the university shortly after his father's death.

Among the friendships that he formed at college the most intimate was with Arthur Hallam. The sudden death of this young man in 1833 affected the poet so deeply that he entered on a secluded life of literary labor that lasted ten years. This deep feeling is expressed by Tennyson in *In Memoriam,* one of the great poems of our language. The poet's personal appearance about this time has been described as "one of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate."

In 1850 Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate of England, and some years before his death, which occurred in 1892, he was ennobled by Queen Victoria. His longer poems include "The Princess," "Maud," the "Idylls of the King," and "Enoch Arden." Some of his best known short poems are "Locksley Hall," "Break, Break, Break," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Brook," "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls," in *The Princess,* and "Ring Out Wild Bells," in *In Memoriam.* His poetry is of varied quality. At times it is rich in nature description; again it displays deep religious feeling and the highest form of poetic imagination.

John Tyndall was born in Ireland in 1820 and died in 1893. His early training was received at home and in the small school of his native town. Diligent study of the sciences led to his appointment as an instructor in one of the small English colleges. Later he went to Germany, where he studied under some of the leaders in the scientific world. On his return to England he became professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution, which position he retained until his death. He visited the United States in 1872 and delivered lectures on popular science to great audiences. His works on the properties of heat, light, sound, and water are considered masterpieces. He also wrote *The Glaciers of the Alps* and *Hours of Exercise in the Alps.*

Jules Verne, one of the most popular writers of fiction during the nineteenth century, was born in France in 1828 and died in 1905. His stories exhibit a powerful imagination. Though most popular with the young, the ingenious plots of his tales, their stirring adventure, and their vivid descriptions of the marvels of nature and geography often fascinate older readers. A few of his best known books, in addition to *Round the World in Eighty Days,* are *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, The Mysterious Island,* and *Five Weeks in a Balloon.*

Gilbert White, an English naturalist, was born in the village of Selborne, England, in 1720. Graduating from Oxford University, he was placed in charge of a church in the little village he has immortalized in his *Natural History of Selborne.* This book, published more than one hundred years, remains to the present time as a literary classic. The author had spent his boyhood in this quiet hamlet, and, returning as the village preacher, he lived in the same peaceful locality until his death in 1793. His book is the work of a close observer of nature, and was written not only for the scientist, but for all those who love natural life as the outward sign of God's goodness in creation.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, in 1806. On his graduation from Yale University he began his literary career as a writer of verse for his father's newspaper. He was a great traveler, and some of his books are descriptive of the places he visited and the persons he met. Such are his *Famous Persons and Places* and *Pencillings by the Way*. Many of his poems are strongly imaginative, and several of the most beautiful were inspired by his love for Yale. He died at his home "Idlewild," on the Hudson, in 1867.

William Wordsworth, one of the great poets of nature, was born in England in 1770 and died in 1850. He was educated at Cambridge University, and after graduation spent several years in travel and aimless literary work. His future did not seem very promising to his friends and relatives, but they understood little of the purposes and power of the future poet. His first publication appeared before his twenty-fifth year, and, having fallen heir to a small legacy, Wordsworth was in a position to follow the literary life he had chosen. Shortly after his marriage he settled in the Lake Country of England, and the remainder of his life was passed in this beautiful and secluded region. He loved nature, and many of his most popular poems are an expression of this love. Such are his "Tintern Abbey," "The Fountain," "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," and "The Sparrow's Nest." Of his longer poems "The Excursion" and "The Ode to Immortality" are two of the greatest. In Wordsworth's poetry there was a gradual growth from the simple style of his "Lyrical Ballads" and nature poetry to the dignity and grandeur of his sonnets and reflective poems.

PHONIC CHART OR KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The elementary sounds of the English language are divided into two main classes, — vowels and consonants.

Vowel sounds are produced by vibrations of the vocal cords, without the intervention of any other organ of speech.

Consonant sounds are heard only in connection with a vowel; they are produced with the assistance of the organs of speech.

Vowel sounds are sometimes united in the same syllable; the combination is termed a diphthong.

VOWELS

ā as in fāte		ê as in thêre		o̤ as in wo̤lf		ȳ as in flȳ	
å " senåte		e̱ " obe̱y		ȯ " sȯn		ẏ̊ " mẏ̊self	
ă " făt		ēē " fēēt		ô " hôrse		y̆ " baby̆	
ä " ärm				õ " wõrk		ỹ " mỹrrh	
a̤ " a̤ll		ī " īce		o͞o " fo͞od			
ȧ " ȧsk		i̊ " i̊dea		o͡o " fo͡ot			
a̤ " what		ĭ " ĭt				au " author	
â " câre		ī " sĭr		ū " ūse		aw " saw	
		ï " machïne		u̇ " u̇nite		ew " new	
ē " mēte				ŭ " ŭp		oi " boil	
ė " ėvent		ō " ōld		û " fûr		oy " boy	
ĕ " mĕt		o̊ " o̊bey		u̧ " ru̧le		ou " out	
ẽ " hẽr		ŏ " nŏt		u̇ " pu̇ll		ow " cow	
		o̤ " mo̤ve					

CONSONANTS

c (unmarked)	as in call	qu (= kw)	as in quit
ç	" miçe	s̱ (= z)	" i̱s̱
ch (unmarked)	" child	sh	" shall
çh	" çhaise	si (= sh)	" tension
ch (= k)	" school	s̱i (= zh)	" vi̱s̱ion
ci (= sh)	" gracious	th (unmarked)	" thin
g (unmarked)	" go	th	" then
g̊ (= j)	" cag̊e	ti (= sh)	" motion
ng	" ring	wh (= hw)	" what
n̲ (= ng)	" i̲n̲k	x (unmarked)	" vex
ph (= f)	" phantom	x̱ (= gz)	" e̱x̱act
		z	" zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

DEFINING VOCABULARY

Including most of the words found in word lists at end of each lesson and others from body of text

á bāte′, to subside; to decrease; to lessen.
á bŏm′ĭ ná blў, hatefully; detestably.
ăb sō lūte′lў, wholly; positively.
ăb sūrd′ĭ tў, foolishness.
á bўss′, a bottomless pit; a deep chasm.
ăc clă mā′tiŏn, loud applause; a shout of approbation.
á chi͡ēve′, to accomplish; to perform.
ăc′tū al lў, in fact; really.
ăd dĭ′tiŏn al, added; extra.
ăd hēr′e͡nt, follower; supporter.
ăd hē′sĭ͡ve, sticky; tenacious.
ăd mĭn′ĭs tēr, to serve out; to supply.
ăd ŏ lĕs′ce͡nçe, youth; state of growing from childhood to manhood.
á dŏpt′, to receive as one's own.
ăd′ vēr sărў, an opponent; an enemy.
ăd′vŏ cāte, one who pleads the cause of another.
ăf fīrm′á tĭve, answering "yes"; positive.
ăg gri͡ēved′, hurt; sorrowful; grieved.
ăg ĭ tā′tiŏn, excitement; tremor.
āid′-de-cam͡p, an officer selected by a general to carry orders.
á lăc′rĭ tў, cheerful readiness; sprightliness.
āl′ie͡n āte, to withdraw; to estrange.
ăl lūre′, to attract.
ăl tēr′nāte, one following the other; by turns; succeeding by turns.
ăm bĭ′tiŏn, an eager desire for honor or power.
ā′mĭ á ble, lovable; pleasing; friendly.
ăm mū nĭ′tiŏn, military stores, or provisions of all kinds for attack or defense.
ăn′ĕc dōte, a story; a particular incident.
ăn′ĭ māte, to quicken; to rouse; to enliven.
ăn tĭc ĭ pā′tiŏn, foretaste; previous impression of what is about to occur.
ăn tĭq′uĭ tў, ancient times; times long since past.
ăp păr′ĕl, clothing; garments.
ăp pá rĭ′tiŏn, an unexpected or wonderful appearance.
ăp pĕl lā′tiŏn, title; name.

ăp prĕ hĕn'siŏn, idea; conception.
ăp prĕn'tĭçe, to put under the care of a master, for the purpose of instruction in a trade.
ā'quĕ oŭs, watery.
är'chĭ tĕc tŭre, the art of building.
à rē'nà, the central part of an amphitheater, in which gladiators fought and other shows were exhibited.
à rō'mà, agreeable odor; flavor.
är tĭl'lēr ў, munitions of war; cannon; great guns.
ăs sīgn', to give; to allot; to apportion.
ăs sĭd'ū oŭs, diligent; persevering.
ăth'lēte, any one trained to contend in exercises requiring physical ability or strength.
ăt'mŏs phēre, the whole mass of air surrounding the earth.
à thwart', across; from side to side of.
ăt tāin', to reach; to obtain; to gain.
au dăç'ĭ tў, reckless daring; boldness.
au'dĭ tor, a listener; a hearer.
ăv'ēr âge, to amount to; to be on an average.
à void', to keep away from; to shun.
awk'ward, clumsy; without skill.

bal'drĭc, a broad belt; a girdle.
băn'krŭpt çў, complete loss; failure.
băn'quĕt, a feast.
băt'tēr ў, any place where cannon are mounted for attack or defense.
bĕlch, to send forth; to emit.
bĕn ĕ dĭc'tiŏn, blessing.
bĕn ĕ făc'trĕss, a woman who confers a benefit.
bĕ nĕv'ŏ lençe, good will; the disposition to do good.
bĕ nĭg'nĭ tў, goodness; kindness.
bŏm bärd', to attack with shells.
bō rĕ à'lĭs, northern; pertaining to the north.
brăg'gart, a boaster.
brĭsk'lў, quickly; nimbly.
brĭt'tle, easily broken; fragile.
bûr'gŏ más tēr, a chief magistrate of a town of Holland or Germany, corresponding to our mayor.
bŭx'ŏm, healthy; vigorous; stout and rosy.

cà lăm'ĭ tў, misfortune; disaster; distress.
căl'cū lāte, to reckon; to compute; to estimate.
cà păç'ĭ tў, power; strength; ability.
căr'gŏ, a load; freight.
căr'ŏl, to sing joyfully.
cà tăs'trŏ phĕ, great misfortune.
căv'al rў, that part of a military force that serves on horseback.
çĕl ĕ brā'tiŏn, feast; festival.
chăl'lençe, an invitation to engage in a contest of any kind; a defiance.

chăr ăc tẽr ĭs'tĭc, peculiar; distinctive.
chĭ měr'ĭc al, imaginary; fanciful.
çhĭv'al rў, valor; courtesy; the dignity of knighthood.
chō'rŭs, to sing in chorus or together.
Cŏl ĭ sē'ŭm, the amphitheater at Rome.
cŏm păr'ĭ son, the act of comparing.
cŏm'pĕ tent, capable; suitable.
cŏm plā'çent, kindly.
cŏm plў', to agree with; to consent.
cŏn cĕp'tiŏn, notion; idea.
cŏn'cōurse, gathering.
cŏn'dŭlt, a pipe or passage for conveying water or other fluids.
cŏn fĕd'ẽr āte, one who is united with others in a league; an ally.
cŏn grăt'ū lāte, to wish joy to.
cŏn'sciençe, knowledge of one's (sh) own thoughts or actions.
cŏn'sẽ crāte, to devote; to dedicate.
cŏn stĕl lā'tiŏn, a cluster or group of fixed stars.
cŏn'tĕm plāte, to consider; to reflect.
cŏn tĕnd', to strive; to struggle against.
cŏ nŭn'drŭm, a kind of riddle; a puzzling question.
cŏn'voy, escort; conveyance.
côr'dial, sincere; heartfelt.
côr'pŏ ral, an officer; in the United States army, the lowest officer in a company of infantry.
cŏr'rĭ dor, a gallery or passage-way.
coup de grace (kōō' dẽ grȧs), the finishing stroke.
cow'ard lў, lacking in courage; (ē) weak; timid.
crĕd'ĭt or, one to whom money is due.
crẽ dū'lĭ tў, readiness of belief.
cū'pō lȧ, a roof having a rounded form, hemispherical or nearly so.

dẽ cĕp'tiŏn, false representation; fraud.
dẽ clĕn'siŏn, descent; a falling off; a decline.
dẽ cĭd'ū oŭs, falling off; shedding, — as a tree sheds its leaves.
dẽ crēē', to determine; to order.
dĕd'ĭ cāte, to devote; to set apart for sacred uses.
dẽ fẽr', to postpone; to put off.
dẽ fĭ'cien çў, lack; shortcoming.
dẽ fŏr ẽs tā'tiŏn, the clearing away of forests.
dẽ ġĕn'ẽr āte, to decline; to grow poorer in quality.
dẽ nūde', to strip the covering from.
dẽ nў', to refuse; to withhold.
dẽ pūte', to appoint; to assign.
dẽ şĭst', to cease; to stop.
dẽ tẽr mĭ nā'tiŏn, decision; resolution.
dẽ tĕst'ȧ ble, odious; hateful.
dĕt'rĭ ment, injury; loss; harm.
dĭ mĭn'ū tĭve, of small size.
dĭs'çĭ plĭne, training; control.
dĭs crẽ'tiŏn, prudence; wisdom.

dĭs cŭss′, to talk over; to debate.
dĭs măn′tled, disabled; broken down.
dĭs pōsed′, inclined.
dĭs rŭp′tūre, a breaking apart; a bursting.
dĭ ûr′nal, active by day.
dĭ vēr′sĭ tў, difference; unlikeness.
dĭ vīne′, to foresee; to foretell.
dĭ vŭlge′, to reveal; to publish.
dŏg′gēr ĕl, a sort of irregular verse.
doŭb lōon′, a Spanish gold coin (no longer issued), varying in value at different times from about fifteen dollars to five.
drăch′mà, a silver coin, whose value varies in the United States.
dū′bĭ tà tĭve, doubtful.
dū rà bĭl′ĭ tў, power to resist decay; strength.

ĕf fĕc′tū al, producing the intended effect; efficient.
ĕf′fĭ eą cў, force; power.
ĕ lăpse′, to pass away; to glide away (used chiefly in reference to time).
ĕl′ŏ quent, having the power to express strong feeling.
ĕ măn çĭ pā′tiòn, release; freedom.
ĕm bär′rass, to hinder; to confuse.
ĕm ploy′, to have in service or at work; to use.
ĕm ploy′ment, work; trade; service.
ĕn ăm′or, to charm; to captivate.
ĕn dūr′ançe, patience; resignation.
ĕn′ĕr gў, power; force; strength.
ĕn grōss′, to occupy; to absorb.
ĕ nôr′moŭs, immense; vast; very large.
ĕq′uĭ pąge, suite; train; followers.
ĕs′tĭ mà ble, worthy of esteem or respect.
ĕ vĕn′tū al lў, finally; ultimately.
ew′ĕr, a wide-mouthed pitcher or jug.
ĕx ăs pēr ā′tiòn, irritation; anger.
ĕx clū′sĭve, not taking into account.
ĕx′ĕ cūte, to accomplish; to effect.
ĕx *h*ąust′lĕss, endless.
ĕx *h*ĭl′à rāte, to make cheery; to enliven.
ĕx păn′siòn, widening; enlargement.
ĕx traôr′dĭ nà rў, uncommon; unusual.
ĕx trĕm′ĭ tў, necessity; extreme need.
ĕx′trĭ cāte, to disentangle; to set free.

făm′ĭshed, hungry; starved.
fà tĭgue′, to weary; to tire.
făth′òm, a measure of length, containing six feet.
fā′vôr à ble, friendly; kind.
fĕm′ĭ nĭne, pertaining to a woman.
fē rō′cioŭs, fierce; savage.
fĕs tĭv′ĭ tў, a celebration; a festival.

fĭc tĭ'tĭoŭs, imaginary; not real.
fĭ dĕl'ĭ tў, faithfulness; loyalty.
fĭdġ'ĕt ў, uneasy; restless.
flow'ēr ĕt, a small flower.
fôr'mĭ dȧ ble, dreadful; frightful.
fôr tĭ fĭ cā'tĭon, a work erected to protect a place against attack; a fort.
freight'ĕd, laden; loaded; burdened.
frĕ quĕnt'ĕd, crowded; commonly used.
frē'quent lў, often.
frŏn tĭ̂ĕr', border; that part of a country which borders on another country.
frŭs'trāte, to baffle; to defeat.
fū'ġĭ tĭve, a runaway; a deserter.
fū'rĭ oŭs lў, madly; fiercely.
fûr'tĭve, secret; stealthy.

găr'rĭ sŏn, a body of troops stationed in a fort.
gaud'ў, fine; showy.
gaunt, lean; thin; meager.
ġĕn'ēr al lў, usually.
ġĕs'tûre, a motion.
glā'cĭēr, an immense field of ice or stream of ice moving down a mountain slope, as in the Alps.
grăv ĭ tā'tĭon, the force by which all bodies tend toward each other.
grŭdġe, ill will; dislike.
gў̆m năs'tĭcs, athletic exercises.

hăg'gard, wild and wasted, or (ĕ) anxious in appearance.
hăr mō'nĭ oŭs, suited; agreeable; adapted.
hȧ răngue', speech; talk.
hăv'ŏc, waste; destruction.
hēr'mĭt ȧġe, the home of a hermit; a secluded residence.
hĕr'ō ĭne, a woman of heroic spirit.
hĕsĭ tā'tĭon, doubt.
hīre'lĭng, one who serves for wages.
hŏ rĭ'zŏn, the place where earth and sky seem to meet.
hŏs pĭ tăl'ĭ tў, kindliness to strangers or guests; liberality.
hŭm'drŭm, dull; commonplace.
hū'mĭd, moist; damp.
hў pŏ thĕt'ĭc, imaginary; suppositional.

ĭl lū'sĭon, enchantment.
ĭl lŭs'trĭ oŭs, famous; distinguished.
ĭm pŏv'ēr ĭsh, to reduce to poverty; to exhaust the strength of.
ĭm prŏb'ȧ ble, unlikely; not true.
ĭm pŭl'sĭve, easily moved by the feelings.
ĭn cĕs'sant, unceasing; unending; continual.
ĭn cīte'ment, motive; spur.
ĭn cŏn sō̂l'ȧ ble, incapable of being consoled; not to be comforted.
ĭn cŭl'cāte, to impress; to teach.
ĭn dĕn'tŭred, bound by written contract.
ĭn dŭl'ġençe, favor; gratification.
ĭn ĕv'ĭ tȧ blў, unavoidably; certainly.

ĭn ĕx'ŏr á ble, firm; unyielding.
ĭn'fạn trў, foot soldiers.
ĭn fē'rĭ or, lower in value.
ĭn'fĭ dęl, one who does not believe in any religious faith
ĭn'fĭ nĭte, boundless; unlimited.
ĭn'flŭ ençe, power; control; persuasion.
ĭn ġĕ nū'ĭ tў, inventiveness; cleverness; skill.
ĭn nŭ ĕn'dō, hint.
ĭn quīr'ĭng, curious.
ĭn scrụ'tà ble, obscure; difficult to explain.
ĭn sĕn'sĭ ble, indifferent; unconcerned.
ĭn stĭnc'tĭve, acting without reasoning; natural; voluntary.
ĭn tĕl'lĭ ġent, sensible; skilled.
ĭn tēr jĕc'tĭon, a word or form of speech thrown in to express emotion or feeling, as ah! oh! etc.
ĭn tēr'mĭ nà ble, boundless; endless.
ĭn tēr sĕct'ĕd, crossed.
ĭn'trĭ cāte, complex; complicated; difficult to follow.
ĭn trĭn'sĭc, real; genuine.
ĭn vĭş'ĭ ble, imperceptible; not to be seen.
ĭr rĕ şĭst'ĭ ble, resistless; overpowering.
ĭs'sŭe, to send out; to publish.

jēr k'ĭng, twitching; jolting.
jew'ĕl ēr, one who makes or deals in jewels.
jŭnc'tūre, a point of time.
jŭs'tĭçe, uprightness; fairness.

là bō'rĭ oŭs, tiresome; diligent; toilsome.
lăt'tĭçed, made of crossed laths or thin strips of wood, and forming a network.
lĕġ'end, a wonderful story coming down to us from the past.
lĭm'pĭd, clear; transparent; pure.
lĭt'ēr à rў, pertaining to literature.
lĭt'ēr à tūre, the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression.
lŏ căl'ĭ tў, situation; place.
lŏn ġĕv'ĭ tў, long duration of life; length of life.
lū'dĭ croŭs, laughable; droll; comical.
lū'mĭ noŭs, shining; brilliant; bright.
lŭx ū' rĭ oŭs, expensive; delicate; dainty.

măg nà nĭm'ĭ tў, greatness of mind.
mā*in*'tē nançe, support; sustenance.
măn'dāte, an official command.
măn'ū scrĭpt, a composition written by hand.
mà rą*ud*'ēr, a plunderer.
măr à vē'dĭ, an ancient Spanish coin.
măr'tĭal, warlike.
măs'cŭ lĭne, characteristic of a man; strong.
măth ĕ măt'ĭcs, the science which treats of exact relations between quantities — like arithmetic.

mĕ chăn′ĭc al, automatic; by force of habit.
mĕch′ăn ĭşm, the arrangement or relation of the parts of any contrivance, adapted to produce results.
mĕd′ĭc al, relating to the art of medicine.
mĕd′ĭ tā tĭve lў, seriously; thoughtfully.
mĕ mō′rĭ al, a remembrance.
mĕ tăl′lĭc, made of metal; resembling metal.
mĕn′tiŏn, to name; to speak of.
mĕ trŏp′ō lĭs, the mother city; the chief city of a country.
mĭ nū′tĭ ā (*plural*, minutiæ), a minor (sh) detail; a small particular.
mĭr′ā cle, a wonder; a supernatural event.
mĭs dē mēan′or, fault; misdeed.
mĭs′tle tōe, an evergreen plant, which bears a whitish berry; the mistletoe is used at Christmas time for decorations.
mō lĕs tā′tiŏn, disturbance; annoyance.
môr tĭ fĭ cā′tiŏn, vexation; shame.
moun taĭn ēēr′, one who lives among mountains.
mū′tĭ noŭs, quarrelsome; disobedient; insubordinate.

nau′tĭc al, naval; marine.
nou′gat (nōō′gȧ), a confection made with almonds or other nuts.
nŭp′tials, wedding ceremony.
nŭ trĭ′tioŭs, nourishing; wholesome.

ŏb scū′rĭ tў, darkness; gloom.
ŏb sērv′ant, watchful; attentive.
ŏb′stă cle, a hindrance; an obstruction.
ŏb′vĭ oŭs, plain; clear; evident.
ŏdd′ĭ tў, queerness; peculiarity.
ŏf fĭ′cioŭs, obliging; kindly.
ŏm nĭs′cient, knowing all things; infinitely wise.
ō′pĭ ăte, anything which induces sleep or inaction.
ŏr′ă cle, any person said to be uncommonly wise.
ŏr′ĭ fĭçe, an opening; a mouth.
ôr′phan, a child who has lost both parents.

păç′ĭ fў, to calm; to quiet.
păl′ă tă ble, agreeable to the taste; savory.
pär′tiăl lў, in part; not wholly.
pås′tôr al, pertaining to country life and scenes.
pă thĕt′ĭc, pitiful; full of pathos.
pā trĭ är′chal, venerable.
pē′nal, relating to punishment.
pĕn′dū lŭm, a body suspended from a fixed point, so as to swing freely back and forth.
pĕn ĕ trā′tiŏn, insight; acuteness.
pĕn′ĭ tent lў, contritely; repentantly.
pĕn′sĭle, hanging; drooping.
pēr çĕnt′ăġe, an allowance of interest or discount on a hundred.
pēr′cō lāte, to filter; to strain.

pēr'ĕmp tō rў, positive; decisive.
pēr ĕn'nĭ al, lasting through the year; enduring.
pĕr'ĭl *o*ŭs, dangerous.
phāse, aspect; problem.
phĕ'nŏm'ĕ nŏn, an unusual event; a remarkable occurrence.
phў sĭq*ue'*, the natural constitution of a person.
pī'rāte, a robber on the high seas.
pĭs tōle', a name given to certain gold coins of various values. In Spain it was worth about three dollars and ninety cents ($3.90).
pĭt'ĭ à ble, deserving pity.
plā'çĭd, contented; gentle; quiet.
pŏl lū'tiŏn, impurity.
pŏl'ў gŏn, a plane figure having more than four sides and four angles.
pŏm'poŭs, showy; stately.
pŏp ū lăr'ĭ tў, good will or favor.
pŏr'rĭdge, a food made by boiling grain in water or in milk.
pôrt fōl'ĭ ō, a case for carrying loose papers, etc.
pŏs sĭ bĭl'ĭ tў, an event that may or may not occur.
prē'çĭnct, an inclosure; a place definitely marked off by fixed lines.
prē cĭ'sĭon, exactness; accuracy.
prē dĭc'à ment, state; condition.
prē fēr', to choose.
prĕf'ēr ençe, choice; the setting of one thing before another.
prē sĕn'tĭ ment, a foreboding; an impression of some calamity about to happen.
prē sūm'ĭng, venturesome; bold.
prō fūse'lў, abundantly; lavishly.
prŏ pĭ'tĭ āte, to render favorable to (used in connection with a person who has been angry).
prŏp ŏ sĭ'tiŏn, a statement; an offer.
prō tĕst', to declare against.
prŏs'ē cū tor, an officer who carries out the law in the name of the government.
prŏs pĕr'ĭ tў, good fortune; success.
pûr'suĭ vant (swĕ), a state messenger; a sort of herald.
pўr'à mĭd, a solid body, standing on a triangular or square base, and terminating in a point.

quad'rụ pĕd, an animal having four feet.
quĕst, search; an attempt to find.
quĭb'ble, a pun; a play upon words.
quī'ĕ tūde, rest; repose.

răm'pant, exuberant; joyous.
răm'pârt, a defense; a bulwark
rā'tiŏn al lў, reasonably; intelligently.
rē bĕl'lioŭs (y), disobedient; not submissive.
rē çĕp'tà cle, that which holds or contains something; a repository.
rĕc ŏn çĭl ĭ ā'tiŏn, renewal of friendship.
rĕc ŏn noi'tēr, to examine; to make a preliminary examination.

rĕm'nant, remainder; rest.
rē pīne', to murmur; to complain.
rĕp ū tā'tiŏn, the estimation in which one is held.
rĕq uĭ sĭ'tiŏn, demand; need.
rē sēarch', investigation; examination.
rĕş'ō lūte lў, firmly; steadily.
rĕş ŭr rĕc'tiŏn, a rising; restoration; renewal of life.
rē trēat', withdrawal; departure.
re veil'le (rĕ vāl'yā), a morning signal by drum or bugle, summoning soldiers to rise.
rĕv ēr ĕn'tial, submissive; humble.
rĭd'ĭ cūle, mockery; an object of sport or laughter.
rĭ gĭd'ĭ tў, stiffness; severity.
rų'dĭ ment, an unfinished beginning; a first step.
rų'mor, to tell by report.

sāethe, a species of fish.
sā găç'ĭ tў, shrewdness; soundness of judgment.
sānc'tū ā rў, a sacred place; a church.
sāt'īre, ridicule; keenness or severity of remark.
sąun'tēr, to wander about; to linger; to stroll.
scĕp'tēred, royal; imperial.
scŭlp'tūre, carved work on stone, wood, or metal.
sē clūd'ĕd, apart; private.
sē clū'şiŏn, retirement; privacy; solitude.
sĕn tĭ mĕnt'al, romantic.
sĕn'tĭ nel, a soldier set to guard a camp; a sentry.
skĕtch, an outline; a plan; a short story.
shrewd, keen; critical.
sĭm'ĭ lăr, precisely like.
sĭ mĭl(ĕ)'ĭ tūde, resemblance; likeness.
sō lĭç'ĭ toŭs, anxious; careful.
sŏl'stĭçe, the 21st of June and the 21st of December, the times of year when the sun is farthest from the equator, north or south.
sōurçe, origin; beginning.
spĕnd'thrĭft, one who spends money foolishly.
stánch, sound; firm.
stā'tŭs, state; condition.
stăg nā'tiŏn, inaction; inertness.
stĕn tō'rĭ an, powerful; extremely loud.
stū'pē fў, to render dull or stupid.
sŭb'stĭ tūte, that which takes the place of something else.
sū pēr ă bŭn'dançe, excess; overabundance.
sŭ pē rĭ ŏr'ĭ tў, excellence; advantage.
sŭs pĕct', to mistrust; to doubt.
swąrth'ў, dark, tawny.
swērve, to turn aside; to stray.
sўm'bŏl īze, to represent.

tär pą*u*'lĭn, made of, or covered with, tarred cloth.
tē'dĭ oŭs, slow; tiresome.
tĕl'ē scōpe, an instrument used to view distant objects.
tĕm'pŏ ral, transient; fleeting.

tēr'mȧ gȧnt, a troublesome person.
tēr'mĭ nāte, to stop short; to end.
thēme, a text; a subject for discussion.
thĕ ŏd'ŏ līte, an instrument used in surveying.
thē'ŏ rў, science; knowledge.
thwȧrt, a seat in one side of an open boat, reaching from one side to the other.
tiēr, a row or rank in a series; one of the rows of things placed one above another.
tĭf'fȧ nў, a species of very thin silk.
tôr'pĭd, dull; sluggish; inactive.
trȧ dĭ'tiŏn, a story handed down from father to son.
trăf'fĭc, trade; interchange of goods.
trĭb'ūte, tax.
trō'phў, a sign of victory.

ū năn'ĭ moŭs lў, by common consent; as one.
ŭn çēas'ĭng lў, continuously; without end.
ŭn dĕ nī'ȧ blў, truly; undisputably.
ŭn dēr grăd'ū āte, a student who has not completed his course.
ūn'ĭ fôrm, a dress of a peculiar style, worn by persons in the same order, by which they have a distinctive appearance.
ŭn ĭn tĕl'lĭ ġĭ ble, not easily understood; not plain; not clear.
ŭn prĕ mĕd'ĭ tā tĕd, spontaneous; without previous thought.
ŭn wĭt'tĭng lў, unconsciously; not knowingly.

vā'grȧnt, unsettled; wandering.
văl'ŏr, courage; strength.
vȧunt'ĭng lў, boastfully.
vĕ lŏç'ĭ tў, speed; rapidity.
vĕn'ĕr ȧ ble, worthy of respect (generally implying advanced age).
vēr'dȧnt, green; flourishing.
vĕr'ĭ fў, to prove.
vĕt'ēr ȧn, old in service.
vĕx ā'tiŏŭs, annoying; troublesome.
vī'brāte, to move to and fro; to swing.
vĭġ'ĭ lançe, care; caution.
vĭv'ĭd lў, clearly; distinctly.
vrou*w*, the Dutch term for woman or wife.

wȧn'tŏn, untrained; undisciplined.
wĕ*a*p'ŏn, something to fight with, as a gun or sword.
wēēn, to think; to imagine.
wĕl'fâre, prosperity; well-being.
whĭm, a fancy; a humor.
wiēld, to control; to use with full command.
wrīthe, to twist or contort the body, as when in great pain.

y*ach*t, a light vessel.
yiēld, to surrender; to give up completely.